

THE SPIRITUAL HERALD;

A

RECORD OF SPIRIT MANIFESTATIONS.

No. 6.

JULY, 1856.

VOL. I.

THE FAIRIES.—I. INTRODUCTION.

THE reasons for affirming Spiritual Intercourse may be divided into rational grounds, and experimental grounds; and the latter again may be subdivided into individual, and social or collective experience. Were the cases of such phenomena exceedingly rare, and not belonging to mankind, but only to some few persons or families in one age and in one country, they would still rest as facts, and as precious and most interesting facts, valuable from their very rarity, upon a rock of evidence which the human mind might disregard, but never overthrow. Yet still they would be only cases of peculiar idiosyncrasy, and the world at large would hardly deal with them. On the other hand, when these phenomena appear, as they do, in all ages and nations; when they penetrate all history from which some foregone prejudice of the historian has not confessedly excluded them; when they preserve a similarity to themselves in times the most remote, and among nations the widest asunder; when they occur equally in the darkness of the lowest superstitions, and in the light of the highest revelations; in short, when ancient and modern times join hands in affirming them, and when aboriginal Australia and aboriginal Lapland do the same; and every intervening age and race contributes its parallels of evidence to make up a world of affirmations—when all this occurs, as it assuredly does occur, then we feel that here is a social evidence which is irresistible, which has all the marks of

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a fact belonging to the nature of man, which has the true character of a part in the organic physiology of human life, and which, in a word, supports itself by assuming the strongest form which evidence can have; namely, the spherical or planetary. The evidence of Spiritual Experience rests, then, upon no less a material basis than the entire earth.

However, it has now been covered up, smothered, and gagged for several centuries, though still it subsists, not a ray of it really quenched, in the instincts of every house, every now and then attesting itself by new phenomena from the same source, and ever ready to leap forth into full and fearful life if the pressure of the despotism of sham opinion were taken away. The earth in this respect is ghostlily what France is politically. The spiritual party is suppressed by an Iron Napoleonism of Worldliness, and the lords of present opinion, priests and professors of all kinds, constitute one vast machine of absolutism, which uses every means to tread out each particular spark from the fire-founts of the spirit. They employ all instruments: they fiddle to the people to amuse them out of spiritualism; they get up the destructive laugh, to make the spiritualist light in the estimation of his fellows; they insinuate his insanity, his wickedness, his bad citizenship, his want of duly-narrow patriotism; they deny facts, darken and tamper with evidence; and constantly plead their own state as the church militant, or indeed as the millennium.

Above all, they claim a monopoly of science and religion, and erect their own creeds and their own learning, both of them founded on packed facts of their own gathering, into palaces for themselves and their co-spies and co-policemen, and, if necessary, into prisons for the contumelious of the present age, and of all future generations. They will their own notions to posterity, as though each fresh stream of minds that comes forth from the Infinite God were going to be *their* heirs male for ever. Especially do they use the despotic and Napoleonic dodge, of suppressing these truths in all the public organs, and of only mentioning them to observe that they are passed falsities and hallucinations, that they have no party in the world, and that they are fast melting away, before the glories of the manifold Poppedom and Professordom, into ignominious oblivion. Yet these things do live, seething and immortal, all out of sight and reach of this police; and as the Apocalypse says, they "were, and are not, and yet they are." But as we remarked

before, it is the socialistic character of these spiritual things, that makes them pre-eminently and for ever invulnerable.

Now this great argument, this planetary asseveration of Spiritualism, which is so frightful to contracted sciences and gouty creeds, has not been pushed by its own party to any thing like the length to which it will fairly go. It has only been applied to human Spiritualism, to apparitions, revelations and the like, pertaining to departed mankind. It is quite clear, however, that the same logic which finds the strength of Spiritualism in the testimony of Time and Space, must also proclaim on the same grounds the existence of other beings still in the Apparitional Realms. We have headed this article with the Fairies; and, to the horror of all the great Colleges of Respectability, we assert that there is precisely the same reason for affirming these beings, as that which furnishes the largest ground for Spiritualistic Faith in other departments.

All nations and ages have traditions and narratives which are resolvable into Fairy lore: we find the Fairies in Polynesian Mythology, in which they teach mankind how to construct fishing-nets; we find various beings, inhabiting tree, stream, fountain and flower, in the Greek Mythology, in which indeed there were nymphs, dryads, hamadryads, and an entire and detailed populace of life, co-ordinate with the objects of nature; we find them in the Northern and Scandinavian Mythology, where light elves, and dark elves, dwarfs and giants, fill Nature with personal forces: we find them in the stories of every tribe, connected with every mountain and glen, and busy in the sheep-fold and the farm-house: they are in Wales, in Scotland, in Sweden, in Germany, in France, and in short in every nation about us. But perhaps the Spiritualist thinks that still they are bygone; that all this testimony is traditional and mythological only; that fairyland belongs to the past; yet that there is no co-ordinate experience of present times, and of modern geographical peoples. But this is not the true fact. The truth is, that the suppression has been more vigorous and rigorous here than in the case of ghosts and apparitions; and that while the scientific men have been ghost-slaying for the last few centuries, the more powerful clergy, Herod-like, have spared no efforts to demolish the fairies. The difference then lies in the stringency of the suppression of evidence in the two cases; if not also somewhat in the rarity, and so to speak, the fineness of the two kinds of manifestations.

There are well-attested ghost-stories in nearly every family

in this nation ; yet the Respectability Police succeeds in smothering them all, and in causing the families themselves to win repute of strong-mindedness, by at once telling the stories, alleging the evidences, and then laughing at the proved truth. This shows how a vast fact can exist, and yet be laughed into nonentity by the world. Ought not this *wonderful fact of suppression* to make us cautious of being certain that many other things do not exist in evidence, because creeds and sciences proclaim them non-existent and also laughable ? It so happens that we are acquainted with several fairy-seers,* and have heard of many more ; and reasoning from the other case, of ghosts and apparitions, the presumption is, that such seers are well-nigh innumerable ; and that the like seers in former ages were the mediums which brought to the whole of the populations of the old world the very mythologies, narrations, songs and stories which make up the ancient and still venerable part of fairy-lore. The same reason then, the assent and consent of spaces and times, substantiates the fairies as well as the ghosts ; and henceforth they claim to enjoy their own special defence under the shield of modern or scientific spiritualism.

The entire gagging of Fairy-Seers, which opinion has enforced so successfully at this day, has had the curious result of allowing the elder cases to be made use of for amusement and decoration by the novelist, the poet, and the journalist. If there were the least suspicion of a fear of believing in them, bards and all story-tellers would shun them as so much strychnine ; but being first voted, *quoad* truth, to be utter nonsense, they can be used for embellishment in song and story well enough. They can even be collected and classified by the curious ; and the hidebound and sandblind *Athenæum* can record them as drily and fearlessly, as if they were a part of the grammar of the Arrowheaded tongues. *Notes and Queries* also runs no risk in soliciting the remains of the fairies to be swept up, and shovelled into its columns, from the outlying districts of the

* The following has been sent us, and merits insertion here :—"In compliance with your request, I now note down what I remember to have heard my father say concerning Henry Goldsmith, the nephew of Oliver Goldsmith. He was (as well as my father) one of the pupils of Benjamin Smith, an engraver, who resided in Judd-place, New-road, about sixty years ago. This Henry Goldsmith was thought a very singular person by his fellow-pupils. I have often heard my father relate of him, that *he would laugh, and point at vacancy, as it seemed, affirming that he saw little figures dancing before him.* (He did not like the profession of engraver, and after a short trial, left it, and went to the West Indies.)"

United Kingdom. The commentators on Shakespear, in speaking of Titania, Puck, Oberon, and Ariel, are also enabled to discourse on the origin of the whole absurdity, and to admire the living structure of the poet's fancy, while they deride the materials of which it is built. In short, a time has come round, when the fairies are so slain, that in the sleep and false security of their adversaries, they are again on their nimble feet, entering the world, among other gates, through the wide portal of the apathy of the learned. Indeed they never did die: the poet, and the peasant, the high and the low generalities of mankind, housed them in the bleak wilderness; and now they enter into Spiritualism, as the outer border of their promised land.

We foresee, though, that they will not form a single circle in the grass of science, not a single ring, without furious and deadly opposition. Learning will start from its sleep, and cachinnate at them from ear to ear; and the universal Popedom, the Catholic tyranny of creed, will "light its martyr fires" to cook them. The reason is evident. Scientific and religious creeds, human inventions, have taken no account of the facts of spiritualism in their buildings: these therefore are inevitably assailed by those facts. And this is still more terribly the case with the fairy realm, which, like an atmosphere, permeates by its exquisite minuteness of parts; which lives in the nursery, in the fascinating story, in the dear play; and in short everywhere, but in fears and creeds; which has morals in it like Cinderella, and Beauty and the Beast; and which teaches Christian truth literally *in minimis*. None of this has been taken into calculation by the creedmongers: therefore they cannot afford to let it live.

But now, not to write abstractedly, or without some matter to our thought, we have brought together in this, probably the last number of the *Spiritual Herald*, two Fairy narratives, which we commend to the reader's attention. The first, full of beauty and transparent with truthfulness, is a case of open, waking vision, narrated by one whom we well know. In this, names and dates are suppressed, in order that the lady may not become a target for priests and professors of all kinds. This is absolutely necessary in the present moral state of the world; and the reader must make what abatement he pleases on this score. In any case, however, the narrative is of great physiological pith, and is not inferior, even in dry interest, to the celebrated case of the bookseller, Nicolai, of Berlin.

The second narrative is a piece of clairvoyance, an utterance from the trance-state, by Annie —, one of the most remarkable clairvoyantes in the world. It looks fragmentary indeed, and merely introductory to this great subject; a series of dissolving views that shows the spiritual Realm of Fairy in many lights. Let it be read for what it is; but let the reader also observe how full it is of suggestions that amplify human thought, that tend to open the gates of being, that go to cast old theologies into the melting-pot, from whence they may issue with better and refined elements in new and more Christian shapes.

It was suggested, as the reader will perceive, indirectly, by a personal inquiry into the spiritual fortunes of the embryo. Thus it belongs to a very inward climate of feelings in the bosoms of disappointed mothers; and supplies them, for the first time so far as we know, with a most noble consolation and sympathy. In the same way, it also endows marriage with a range, a mystery, and an import, that ordinary generation fails to attain. For it goes to show that the entire seed of man is realised, vivified, and immortal; that it engenders being on a great scale—beings also probably of many kinds, sufficient to account scientifically for more than all the fays, nymphs, dryads, imps, dwarfs, elves, that have played over human knowledge in mythological embodiments.

It seems indeed, on consideration, and putting all contrarious limits of old theologies and philosophies out of the way, that something of the fairy world is demanded by the human mind on the score of order and series. For God we know, since He has been pleased to reveal Himself; and man we know, since God has been pleased to create us. Now between God and man in the scale of being, the infinitely large (speaking according to our finite or comparative language) is clearly possible, and also, on the other side of man, the middle being, the infinitely small; not the large and small merely of space and matter, but correspondently, of mind and spirit. In one word, the *animæ mundi* are possible, and the fairies. The latter, we may recal to the reader, are given in experience, which embodies the reason about them. It is as in the human body; in which, over and above the life that we call ourselves, and which is no more than a running line of states, mostly in single file, manifested through consciousness, or the present luminous centre of the brain—over and above this, there is in every organ, and in every part, and in every atom, a truly and

stupendously intelligent life, piloting the organic operations which in their collective myriads and nations of groupings, make up the life of the whole frame. The body is no dead thing, but has bodily spirits and lives in it; fairy inhabitants numberless in its atoms, and collective or larger spirits in its organs. Should this turn out to be true of the universe, what a profound reconciliation of the Old World and the New, of science and mythology, will take place in the fact! Pan, no longer dead (the idea of killing him was a barbarous superstition, which poetry could never admit), will be on his knees in the newest and best of the churches. Spinosa, and all that honest kindred of thinkers, will have their revelation attested and justified, and what is always a Christianising fact, incarnated. The Judaism of thinking that man is the only dweller in the universe will fall to the ground, and life will pass over and onwards for ever, to a new set of innocent Gentiles, of universal presence, and of mould incorruptible. A more sublime Shekinah than of old will be felt of Him, the One Incarnate Infinite, whose seat is between the cherubim. The gates of life will have been set not only wider open, to receive him in the human understanding, but their "heads" will have been "lifted up," and the Lord of Human Races will be recognised as more and ever more in "the Lord of Hosts;" for he, as the same psalm tells us, is "the King of Glory." Then that scripture which calls upon the "sun, moon and stars" to praise God, can be read with more than a symbolical sense of its power, and we may reverently suspect that there is a spirit of praise in the earth too, and "in that Mount Zion, which He loved."

It must, however, be obvious, that the Bible, which is the abiding light of Christian life, tells us nothing direct on these topics. The fact is, that the Bible neither instructs us in natural *nor in spiritual sciences*. All attempts to make it yield natural science have proved a dangerous failure: there is no geology in Genesis, and no astronomy in Job; neither is there any ontological creed from Genesis to Revelations. Human sciences, like the arts, are the divinely appointed growth of human powers: we are perfectly free to elicit them, without consulting the Bible about them, for this very sufficient reason, that the Bible, though never adverse to them, contains no thread of them in all its divine tissues. And attempts to elicit spiritual sciences from the Bible must be just as futile, because spiritual sciences depend upon the same observation,

experience, experiment and induction, as natural sciences. They too are the children of the human understanding, married to adequate facts. When they are formed, the Bible judges them, and all other things, for good, or for evil, according to the use that is made of them, and thus converses only with the religious element in them and in all things. It demands us to be free agents, and demands for itself, to be only consulted on the supreme questions of the heart and the life.

THE FAIRIES.—II. OPEN VISION.

I AM not aware that there has ever been in my mother's family any person endowed with the gift of "vision," or "second sight," nor, as far as I can learn, do any of them appear to have been believers in such "gifts:" they were —, but of — extraction.

In my father's family (who were pure —) there have been many who I have no doubt were gifted with such a power, although I have known but one, a cousin of my father's, who lived with us some time when I was about six years old: from her infancy she had been constantly under the influence of revelations and visions, which were considered by her friends as quite unaccountable. (A manuscript book, in which she had carefully written all her experiences, has unfortunately been destroyed.) Whilst she stayed with us, I always slept in her room, and am quite certain that very frequently there were many present whom I could not see. I used to hear her carrying on conversation with them; only it was in such a *veiled* tone, that I could only distinguish the different voices without being able to hear anything that was said. Often after such occasions, she would give such a vivid description of those who had been with her (whom she had never seen in this life), that their friends could not fail to recognise them. She was also a very perfect clairvoyant, and I recollect many remarkable instances in which she most accurately described what was passing at a distance, of which it was impossible she could have the slightest idea. Perhaps I should say, that when she was clairvoyant she was never "entranced," but in her natural waking state, and all through preserving a perfect consciousness of her presence, where her body really was. She was a Swedenborgian, and I have often heard her describe most glorious visions which had been given to her. I am sorry I have no distinct recollection of any of them. She died in 18—, aged 34.

I have said so much about her, because I think she had a very great influence over me, and because, some few years ago, I found a fragment of her diary, in which she expresses a very earnest wish, that when *she* passed into the spiritual world, *I* might receive the gift she possessed, which had made her so happy, and which she looked on as the most precious thing she had to bequeath. My own recollections of

similar experiences date from May, 18—, at which time I was a year and nine months old. We lived in the country then, and I distinctly remember one day being at play (in a room which opened into the garden) with our nurse, and my little brother, who was a year younger than myself, and a great sufferer from convulsions. I had just run across the room, when I heard the little one make a strange noise, whilst the nurse called out for my father and mother; on looking round, I saw two bright, beautiful figures (I remember, even now, how indescribably lovely they were) passing out of the room; one of them carried the baby so tenderly, and smiled on him so lovingly, that I hardly felt sorry to see him go. They passed my father just as he came into the room, and I wondered that he let my little brother go away without taking any notice of him. I think I must then have been taken out of the room, for I do not recollect anything else, excepting that when I saw the little pale, still figure afterwards, I thought "that the angels had brought us a little image of baby Willie for us to remember him by until we should see him again." I never told anyone what I had seen, but for a long time it was my greatest delight to think of the bright angels, and to wonder if one day they would come and fetch me too. I used to spend a great deal of my time alone in our garden, and I think it must have been soon after my brother's death that I first saw (or perhaps first recollect seeing) *fairies*. I happened one day to break (with a little whip I had) the flower of a buttercup; a little while after, as I was resting on the grass, I heard a tiny, but most beautiful voice, saying, "Buttercup, who has broken your house?" then another voice replied, "That little girl that is lying close by you." I listened in great wonder, and looked about me, until I saw a daisy, in which stood a little figure, not larger certainly than one of its petals, but exquisitely perfect, even to the tiny hands, which she clapped, as I poured forth my sorrow for my heedlessness to the homeless buttercup fairy, who was older-looking, and not quite so pretty; he forgave me, however, and we were soon very good friends. This was my first introduction to the *fairies*, and many a pleasant hour I had with them in those long summer days, and many a story did they tell me of the bright home they went to when it grew too cold for them to stay in their summer homes here. (They told me that their leaving the flowers was why they died.) The *fairies* of the garden flowers were larger, and perhaps prettier, but they were rather stately, and I was a little afraid of them; so the wild flower *fairies* were my favourites; they were gentler, and their voices far sweeter; I have never yet heard anything half so musical as the laugh of the violet fairy. There was one little shady nook in our garden, where the grass was softer and greener than anywhere else, and there I generally used to find them. I used to wonder sometimes why they went away so suddenly when any one came out to look for me, but I never liked to ask them about it. I missed them very much when winter came; for, though I saw some of the evergreen *fairies*, who did

not go away, they never spoke to me, and I was very glad when spring came again, and brought my friends to live in their old homes; and many a beautiful lesson did they teach me, of contentment, and gentleness, and self-denial, and patience. I often try to remember their teachings now, for I never heard them say, or saw them do, anything but what was noble and pure and true. Sometimes they would sing to me exquisite little songs, which I remembered for a long time, but forgot them all before I learnt to write, though snatches of them come back to me in dreams even now. When I was between three and four years old, we removed to —, and I pined sadly for my country home and my fairy friends; I saw none of them for a long time; I think because I was discontented; I did not try to make myself happy. At last I found a copy of Shakespeare in my father's study, which delighted me so much (though I don't suppose I understood much of it), that I soon forgot we were living where I could not see a tree or a flower. I used to take the book, and my little chair, and sit in a paved yard we had. (I could see the sky there.) One day, as I was reading the "Midsummer Night's Dream," I happened to look up, and saw before me a patch of soft, green grass, with the fairy ring upon it; whilst I was wondering how it came, my old friends appeared, and acted the whole play (I suppose to amuse me). After this, they often came, and did the same with some of the other plays; but though I am sure they knew me, for they always smiled so kindly, they never spoke to me again, nor allowed me to see anything of their daily life, as they used to do in the country. If I were ill or sorrowful, though, they would always send soft music to sooth me to sleep, and sometimes, when I could see nothing, I could feel tiny hands smoothing my forehead and closing my eyes.

I think it must have been about this time that I first began to dream everything that was going to happen, either in my own family or to any one whom I very well knew. This gift I retain still; and I do not think anything, however trivial, has ever happened to me, but I have previously dreamt of it, although, in many cases, I have had the dreams several years before their fulfilment, so that if I ever dream of any sorrow that is in store for me, I cannot make myself unhappy about it, as it may be very long before it comes. The years 1834-5 we spent mostly in Wales, and as I had children to play with there, I do not recollect anything particular occurring to me all that time. Shortly after our return home, the relative, whom I have mentioned, came to live with us, and I began to see and hear a great deal. For many months I constantly saw the same figure: it was that of a little man, about two inches high, dressed in the costume of the reign of George II. I do not know who he was, as he never spoke. About six years ago, I met him in Islington (but then he was life-size); and though I recognised him directly, I thought he was a living man, until I saw that none of the passers-by noticed him, which, from his peculiar dress, they would certainly have done had they seen him. I

do not think he was a fairy, but that I saw him so constantly that I might not feel frightened, when I began to see larger people, which I did very soon after he went away; and ever since I have been constantly in the habit of seeing the spirits of persons I know, and persons I am to know, or even to meet. (It is not very often I see a face I have never seen before.) When I was a child, I always knew who would call at our house a day or so before they came. I cannot tell that *now*, excepting in the case of friends whom I very much care to see, and then they always appear to me before I see them. These appearances are so exactly like the persons, that it is only by their not speaking to me that I can tell the difference between them.

I do not recollect seeing anything worth mentioning until the year 1843, when I was staying in ———shire. My friend went to ——— for medical advice, leaving me with her children. Very soon after she left, the youngest child died, whilst she became so rapidly worse as to be unable to return home. One evening, about twilight, I went into the room where the baby lay in its little coffin, and close beside it, on the sofa, was its mother, looking much as she did in life; only as if wasted by sickness. I stood and looked at her some minutes, to be sure I had made no mistake, and then went away before she did. The next day we had a letter to say that she had died about ten minutes after the time I had seen her. They had not told her of the child's death; but almost her last words to her husband were, that she had just found out, to her great gladness, that her little girl would welcome her to the spirit-world. I have told all this story, because I think it is almost the most remarkable thing that ever happened to me.

It was in this year (1843) that I first began to hear spirit-music on new year's eve; and since then it regularly comes. It begins low, and seems far away; but as it gradually gets nearer and nearer, I am able to distinguish the words. It tells of all the wrong, and the little good, I have done during the year; reminds me of the mercies I have received; and then, after giving me some counsel for the coming year, dies away again softly into the distance. It is exquisitely beautiful; not *singing*, but a sort of plaintive *recitative*. I have never had the least idea who brings it.

I do not recollect having any new experiences till the year 18—, when a great many came to me, and still do, though not so frequently now as then. Some of the visions I have seen in the sky have been very glorious; the *most* beautiful I very well remember. It had been a dark, dreary, rainy day (in November, 18—), but cleared up a little towards evening. My husband was out, and I was sitting alone, when I heard a voice say, "Child, go and look at the sunset." I went to the front of the house, and saw a large tract to the north-west, of the most beautiful sky, not blue altogether, nor golden, but the fairest and most delicate blue, melting into the faintest and softest yellow; and just below it, into a bay between purple clouds,

uprose the evening star, large and radiant and still, and with him came troop upon troop of white-robed angels, some carrying flowers and some harps. I fancied I could hear the music, but the glistening of something silver about them, and the gleaming of their golden hair, made me close my eyes, and when I opened them again, all was gone but the star! Then a voice that I knew said, "Surely that is eternity shining out upon time! peace and rest and love looking down upon darkness and struggle and change and death." I have many times seen beautiful visions in the moonlit clouds, but never one like *that*. I am content though; for to have seen it once ought to be (and is to me) to believe it for ever. About this time I first heard played Mendelssohn's "Songs without words," when, to my great surprise, several of my old friends the fairies came and showed me the "*words*" to the "*songs*." Since then I have seen them several times; and a few weeks ago I saw a fairy wedding; not very near though, so I cannot tell much about it, excepting that it was a very pretty sight. I expect to see them often in the spring, for I think they will come to our little —. During the first year after we came to live here, I was a great deal alone, and almost every day I used to see very many spirits, most of them quite strangers to me. Often I have been obliged to leave the room, as there seemed to be no room for me to stand. I do not think, however, that they wished to have me go; my presence seemed to be no hindrance to their talking, but they never spoke to me. Sometimes I have seen myself amongst them, however, and then they have spoken, and I heard myself answer. This has not happened very often; it is so seldom I *hear* anything, although I frequently see myself, for in most of my visions it is my *other self* that I see looking at them. For a long time I did not know who it was I saw so constantly, and wondered how it was I could tell all that the figure was thinking and feeling. One day I saw myself in a garden, and at a little distance from me I saw you and Mrs. ——— bending very anxiously over something I could not see. It took me a long while to get near, and then I saw it was a cage, in which was a little bird trying to escape. I thought, "that means a little child," and so I waited to see what would come of it; by and by the cage door was suddenly opened wide, and the bird was ready for flight, but you stooped down, and had nearly closed the door, when it flew partly open again, and the bird would have gone, but that Mrs. ——— knelt down on the grass and gently put it into the cage, whilst you closed the door; then, as I looked, you all seemed clothed in sunlight, and as it fell upon the golden wires of the little cage, the bird struggled no longer, but began to sing a clear, glad song. The next day I heard how ill your dear little — was. Not very long after this, I saw myself in a large white marble hall, which seemed quite full of people; I only saw two figures distinctly, they were very beautiful, and seemed to be waiting for some one; soon you came in, and walked up to them, they spoke no word,

but each of them gave you a very large emerald, and laid their hands on your head; I was taken away then, so I saw no more. Last winter, with every one I saw, there were always two more. I could not understand it at all at first, but afterwards found out that one was a distorted and the other a beautified image of the person, and just as he, or she, was happy and contented, or the reverse, so these faces showed themselves, either dimly or distinctly. I was very glad when this left me; it was not very pleasant to know exactly how every one was feeling, especially when their temper happened to be none of the happiest. One day this last summer I had a very beautiful vision. I saw myself standing in a very green meadow, and a bright figure put a clear crystal goblet, with a golden stem, into my hand, and a little stream of water (so fine it was like a silver thread), that was at my feet, began to rise gradually, until it filled the glass with the brightest, purest water possible; then suddenly a great light shone round me, and, looking up, I saw in the sky a large cross of flame, and above it a crown of rubies. I was wondering what it all meant, when the shining one, who had given me the goblet, said "*The glass is faith, the water is purity, and the gold is truth.*" They who endure the *cross* to the end shall wear the *crown*." I have seen *one* spirit-hand, it was raised as if in blessing over my baby's head when he was asleep, and I am sure I knew it.

I think this is about all I can recollect worth mentioning. Whilst I have been writing, a good many have been with me, and, ten minutes ago, I went up to the nursery, to see if my boys were sleeping happily, when I found, close by their pillows, two tiny, beautiful beings, watching them. — has a mark on his cheek, which I sometimes am inclined to fancy one of them made when he was a baby. The first evening I began to write these remembrances, a full, rich voice said to me, "It is well you should try to remember, for whatsoever things are *lovely*, whatsoever things are *true*, whatsoever things are *pure*, whatsoever things are of *good report*—if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on *these* things."

December 13th, 1855.

THE FAIRIES.—III. CLAIRVOYANCE.

OUR Seeress, who had been ill, passed into the trance, as her friend, seated beside her couch, held her hand and repeated inwardly the Lord's Prayer.

"We are in the green garden," said Annie, "and I have been asking the angels about the after fate of the embryo, when prematurely removed. They will not tell me anything for certain, whether it lives afterwards or not.

"They will neither say 'Yes,' nor 'No.'"

"Another angel, whose duty it is to show representations of truths, says it would take too long at present to explain these states; but that he sees our inquiring minds."

"Why not? We are not idly curious."

"The angel answered—'He saw we did not ask from mere curiosity; still it could not be told us to-day.'"

7th May.—Annie went to see her father in the spiritual world, and said, after a pause—

"How strange! My father said to me directly, 'Well, Annie; and how is the baby?—What baby?—Your baby, Annie?'"

"I have not got it; somebody has taken it away to take care of."

After a pause, she said, "I asked my father how he knew about the baby?"

"He answered, 'That it appeared to him as if a tiny baby boy had been brought to him by two angels, and they said, Do you know him? Is it James (for he was like your brother, when a baby)? No, the angels answered; it is Annie's boy.'"

"I told my father," said Annie, "I had no baby; and I could not tell what boy that was."

May 29th, 1855.—"I am going with my guide now," said Annie, "up a very narrow path, but very beautiful. We can only go one at a time. There is a wall of bright light on each side of us, very high. We have come to a place where the grass is white, like down; it is a wonderful place. There are a number of gold cradles, and a tent over each cradle, and beside each a female angel, perfect in form, and of the size of a child of seven years old. The guide opened one of the cradles, which is shaped like an egg, and shuts completely. It is lined with red velvet, and, over that, down, in which is placed an infant, naked, and when the cradle is unclosed they open their eyes, but they cannot see." I asked how they are fed?

"The angel answered—'They breathe in the life, or the atmosphere of the sphere that surrounds them. They have no food until after they reach the state of what would be seven months on earth, because then they could have lived in the natural world.'"

A pause, during which Annie weeps, and seems quite overcome.

"What is it, dear Annie?"

"I wish to stay here, and take care of this baby; it is mine!"

Another pause, and then, with a faint voice, and deeply affected, she said, "I must return; I can stay here no longer."

THE FAIRIES.

June.—Previous to the trance this evening, some of Harris's "Morning Land," on the fairies, had been read aloud.

"We are on the top of a mountain; a star is above us, but I see no way to it! Two angels came to us, and asked if we should wish to go there.

"We have now two new guides; we went through a stream of light, or ray of light, with steps in it of gold. We seem small ourselves now!

"The star-sphere opened, and we entered a blue and gold light. The *Word* appeared first, so small, like one large letter in the form of H; one side of the H is the New Testament, the other the Prophets, the cross between is the Psalms.

"We are in a very beautiful garden, the flowers very small. The bark of the trees appears like gold leaf rolled over wood white with purple veins; there are magnificent flowers, fruit, vines around.

"We are in the eye; in the stream of light from the spiritual world to the natural eye. The light proceeds from the Lord through the brain to the eyes; we are in the right eye.

"The letter H represents the *Word* as two eyes; the bar between is the Divine sphere conjoining.

"The gardens appear elevated on the right side; a bright sphere emanates from the mountain beyond the gardens; over it is a star; the star opened out into a sun, in which is a small infant, seven inches high, a most beautiful male infant; a gold chain is round his neck, with a cross suspended to it, the *Word*; that cross corresponds to the *Word*; the crossing of the 'optic nerves.'

"The diamond in the centre of the cross opened, and within it appeared another sun, in which is a still smaller infant, a female; she had in her hand the *Word* in the form of a small stone, diamond and ruby combined. She held it in her hand, and as she descended, she brought the light from the first sun to the second, to the eyes. A medium of Divine light to the eyes. That light descends, and then becomes celestial light. She gave the *Word* in her hand to another angel, in the sphere of light in which she stood. A line of light descends from this sphere, and in it are angels, getting larger and larger in the descent until they are of the size of men.

"Angels of the fairy size are so interior that they can only retain their own form; and hence must be seen, when seen, as of this fairy size.

"They come from all the stars in the universe; but have never been born in a natural sphere; they are pure mediums for the divine light to flow into. They are like separate rays of light, but each star or nation has its own ray; but when combined they look like a sun.

"These little angels are the light of heaven. You cannot imagine it, without taking one by itself; it is like a tiny spot of pure light; but in the light you can see the angels. Their dress is pure gold, one loose dress; they have no shoes; the dress is fastened on the left shoulder and right arm, fastened with diamonds, and one ruby keeps the shoulder; their hair is white; face white, with a rose-pink colour; their eyes are pale blue. I spoke to one of these little fairy angels;

but I could not understand the answer; I only heard the word *love*. I asked how they lived? They spake like infants; I can only hear the words *good* and *pure*.

"We are in the sphere of the universe as to Good.

"We are now going somewhere else. We are in a garden, not so high or interior; the fairies appear larger. I saw the first star open, and the male child with the Word on his neck, as a cross, descended here into a gold cradle. The fairies came and laid their cares upon him; these appeared as little black specks, which, if they had not been laid on this infant with the Word, would have gathered and begun to obscure the light. The child represents the Lord as to the Word. The angels pointed to the infant and said, 'The Lord was clothed and dwelt with us.' The Lord, in his descent, passed first through every society in the grand man, and he stayed with every society as long as it could be purified; he gathered these specks in his descent through the 'grand man.' 'How?' I said to the angel, 'specks in the heavens!' The guide answered me, and said, 'Can you not remember in your own Word it is written, that the angels are not pure in His sight.'"

"We are now," continued Annie, "in another society still less interior; among them are a few spirits of the societies we have already passed through. The fairies here appear as children, not so beautiful as those we have seen, and about the size of new-born infants. This is in the external of the eye; they are the infants who have just breathed naturally, and then died. These infants have with them some of the smaller angels to perfect them.

"The heavens now appear in the form of two eyes; all the angels are passing through; from the various countries all the spirits in natural good are looking at this eye, and in the eye the fairies appear. They do not descend, but are seen in their own place by the fairy-seers."

Q. "Can you see, Annie, anything about the gudefolk of Scotland, and the fairies of Sweden, Ireland, &c."

A. "They appear (the fairies) as if they could not be moved. The light comes from the Lord, and would descend to the eye; in it, there are fairies.

"I cannot see how the fairies move objects, milk cows, &c.; it is impossible to descend so far, there are so many objects in the way.

"I am now in a lower or natural sphere; the external of the eye is green; the internal, pale blue and gold. You are not desirous to follow lower the ray of light; and we have turned on one side to a ruby mountain. Swedenborg came, and asked me what we were about? He said, 'It was not permitted to him to write about fairies; that general truths must be received first, and that fairies would have been ridiculed; and that they are too interior and sacred.'

"Swedenborg brought the gold framework of the Lord's crown; the precious stones have yet to be set in it. That beautiful poetry you read (meaning Harris's Morning Land) is one precious stone. Until all the stones are set in the crown, the Lord will not reign supreme.

“Swedenborg only received the light the Lord intended; what he could but perceive in the distance, he left blank, and did not put error in its place.

“In the very interior heavens, the Lord appears as *The Lord*; but descending, he has as yet no throne in the spiritual heavens.”

“Why,” I asked Swedenborg, “is the crown before the throne?”

“Swedenborg turned round. An angel gave him a split-ring: he took and opened it; in it, the *Word* lay buried within a small stone; it appeared as a little child, seated on a green bank. The Lord can rest with his people, if they will acknowledge him. Where the Lord is acknowledged, which is the crown, there he can be before he has his throne.

“Swedenborg has gone. He said, ‘He should be happy to go with us to Fairyland another time, and if permitted, he could show us something very pretty.’

“We are on the mountain again, from whence we started.

“Swedenborg came back again. He went with us down the mountain to a beautiful little park, and we saw the fairies of sympathy; they appear as a tear.

“I thought,” exclaimed Annie, “that there were no tears in the heavens!

“But each tear becomes a crystallised truth, and is a source of comfort to another in distress. There are tears of all kinds—of joy, of sorrow, of sympathy. The fairies of a tear! Those of sympathy are very small mites; as you look they become larger. When opened, and seen through a large sphere, or glass, the tear comforted those in trouble.”

A pause, during which Annie remains in a beautiful attitude of meditation.

“I can see how the globules act, by fairies, near the persons who are ill.

“The different globules have different fairies near them. If the fairies are of the right sphere intended, the medicine does good; but if not, it does not act. Homœopathy is Fairy Medicine.”

A pause, during which ——— read out loud, “The Fairies of the Rose” (from the “Morning Land”). Swedenborg heard it, through Annie, and said, “He thought it beautiful, and that it was *true*; but,” he added, “it will not be received as truth, and the church would sport with it, and only think it a fable.”

——— then read, “The Fairies of the Diamond,” from the same work.

After it had been read, Annie said: “An angel came, and, standing between Swedenborg and myself, he held a hand of each in his, and spoke:—

“Truth is given, but use it with care; if people doubt, do not press it as truth. After a thing is seen as truth, and positively told as truth to another, we are responsible for its effect.”

After another pause——asked: "Are there any spirits of a greater form than men?"—"Yes; the guides say that round about the Ice-landic regions, in the Spiritual World, dwell the Frost Giants. There were giants among the antediluvians."——asked: "Have the planets any special giant presiding over them as one individual?"—"No," answered Annie; "they are a collection of societies which appear, from a distance, as one giant." (Another pause.) "I have met my father," said Annie, "and I have been telling him about the fairies. He says he believes it; for when he was making a square piece of wood, with little holes in it, he happened to leave his work, and, when he returned, found writings left for him in the holes; and he now sees that the fairies must have been there to do it."

July 13, 1855.—The tenth chapter of St. John, to the 16th verse, was read as Annie passed into the trance.

"Swedenborg is here," said Annie, "to his promise to show us something. It is a beautiful, winding path of pearls, through which we go. We have passed through twelve gardens, one beyond or within the other: each opens, or is entered, by a gate; the first of pearl, second gold, third ruby, fourth diamond, then begins again—pearl gate, gold, ruby, diamond—but of a deeper colour. In the last four gates, the whole of the materials, or precious stones, form a composition for each gate. The last one opens out upon a beautiful stream, which we cross by a bridge of gold, suspended by chains of pearl. A blue sphere opened upon us; and beyond and through this sphere, the sun shining, not gold, but bright, very deep, ruby red—a deep, ruby purple—from blue. Angels are coming with us; fairy angels! an immense company!" (A pause, and Annie listens in a beautifully expressive attitude.) "How strange! In the distance they appeared as angels, walking to us, but as they came near, they formed the Fairy Word." (In listening attitudes again.)

"The place in which we stand seemed at first a beautiful garden, but lost that appearance, and we then appeared in an ark, the red sphere forming the roof, and gold over it; beyond this gold sphere a bright sun, and in the sun, the figure of a *man*, very beautiful!

"The angels forming the Word were in the centre of the ark. We are moved a little to the right. Beyond the place, there are numbers of persons coming to look at the Word, and before the Word is a thin lace, like a veil—a silk net, white.

"We are within the veil, on the right side.

"Two angels descended within the sphere, and drew the veil on one side, from the left, for the people.

"Written in letters of fire appeared these words, 'The Word of Life,' or 'The Living Word.'

"Swedenborg is now talking with the angels. He says to me that this sphere is the celestial next the Divine sphere; the celestial of the celestial. He was not permitted to enter it whilst in the world.

Those angels we call Fairies are a real, living, breathing Word. Every angel forms a letter; and this letter has as many degrees as the angel in his mind. These angels are especially protected by the Lord; and according to the degree opened by them in their minds, it (the Word) is received by the angels, according to the wants of each. It makes the Word more substantial and real. You can imagine goodness and truth better when dwelling in a form. With the Fairy Angels, their minds are so formed that the influence received through them is not perverted.

"I want to know," observed Annie, "if there was a Word when the world was first created, and how the angels came to form the Word?"

"Swedenborg says he cannot think of a beginning. When man was so far regenerated that the Lord could speak with him, He talked with man on earth, and was His own Word.

"But, when man turned from the Lord, the Word, it became necessary to form other little mediums, or letters; and the Lord took those forms from man, who had turned from Him, to form His Word!

"We have seen and understood the Fairy Word," continued Annie, "and Swedenborg is going elsewhere. Every germ of humanity is immortal, and this expands heaven immensely!"

(A long pause.)

"I am still talking with Swedenborg," resumed Annie; "every germ, he says, is spiritually clothed. There is within every heaven a Fairy Heaven, natural, spiritual, and celestial; and although these fairies exist in all the societies, the spirits do not see them. Spiritual forms are thought pure, but these forms are still purer. They live and breathe and are as intelligent as the celestial angels to whom we can speak. The spirits of the different societies sometimes associate with them, as men with angels. The fairies are not like embryos, but like infinitesimal adults in their organs. The spiritual part, which is perfect, is formed first, yet cannot be perfectly clothed upon at first; yet when it returns to its first form, it is perfect.

"The fairies are all celestial forms, but Swedenborg cannot say why they do not grow up to our stature: all forms cannot be fairy forms."

(A pause, during which Annie sits in a beautiful attitude of reflection, her fingers linked together like a chain of indication, in linked thought apparently; then smiles, as if a resolution had come.)

"We have been to a beautiful place" (she then resumed). "It appears as if we entered a large open diamond. There came towards us two fairies, very small; Swedenborg spoke to one. He asked them why the fairy forms could not grow up to our size? It is because they have never been clothed naturally. Their form showed the very small sphere of the Divine which they could hold. A form can be expanded naturally; but when it receives the Divine, it does not grow beyond what it can hold or represent. These minute forms can receive more than we can of the Divine."

(A pause, during which Annie appeared deeply moved.)

"Swedenborg went a little way from us," she continued, "and appeared kneeling on a gold box; and he uttered a prayer to the Lord for this New Truth, which he had never heard before. I could not hear the words, but I saw the bright sphere of his prayer. We cannot go more interiorly; we are going home with Swedenborg. I could see beyond the Fairy Word, the Fairy Sun; but I cannot go further to-day. When Swedenborg came into his house, he entered a room to the right, and opened a window, and we saw the sun of the spiritual heavens, and there again he knelt and said a prayer: 'Great Jehovah! We bow before thee in humility, when we behold Thy wonderful works. Thy heavens are full of majesty and glory! Enable us to fix our minds on Thee, and profit by thy instructions. Guard us, that we may guard thy truths. Pour wisdom upon us, that we may be wise; and guide us with thy love!' The angels say, 'Amen,' in confirmation.

"When we are in prayer, other angels are attracted by the sphere, and hundreds of spirits—you cannot possibly say it by yourself. They say, 'Amen.' Swedenborg is seated, in thought, but he cannot speak. I can see the thoughts as they pass through him: they are too full to be expressed."

(A pause.)—"I am still sitting with him in his room;" and then, deeply moved, Annie exclaimed: "I think, if men knew this truth, they would try to be good! How the Lord uses man as an instrument for good and truth to flow into, and yet man turns from the Lord! Even the Word of the Lord has been formed from man! We have now left Swedenborg; he sends his love to you all, but wishes me not to go down among the spirits, as I should be telling them, and they cannot yet receive this fairy truth. I will stay a little longer in the gold and silver garden: there are two angels with each of us, and a new female guide with ——"

And now our Seeress, still in the trance (but less deep), rests herself in the gold and silver garden; and her friends talked with her, wondering also if there might be created beings as much larger as the fairies are smaller than us, and if (according to Fourier's idea) each earth is a planetary humanity.

Annie said: "I cannot see how such a thing could have a beginning, nor can the angels; but they think the question reasonable, and they will ask about it another time.

"There are twelve angels, forming a circle, round us, four angels with each (we were seated with our hands linked), with the Word in the midst." Annie read to the effect that Jehovah would bless us, and we must guard his truths, and be enabled to act the better for them.

"Did you see that angel?" suddenly exclaimed Annie. "He came down from above, just over us.

"Jehovah bless and guide you, and enable you to guard his truths.

"Jehovah cause his face to shine upon you, and pour wine into the midst of you."

THE FAIRIES.—IV. POETIC INSPIRATION.

REVIEW.

A LYRIC OF THE MORNING LAND. T. L. HARRIS. Baillière.

WE now fulfil our promise about the fairies.

These parts of existence have always been dear to the poets, who, throned in the common heart of the race, have maintained an impregnable keep for the fairies, as well as for other kindred beings, where they have sat in secret cells of the tenderest and downiest fancy, smiling unconsciously at science, theology, and worldliness, with no malice, but unutterable enjoyment, in their tiny rubies of hearts. They could afford to wait; for they were conversing with Shakespear and his kin. And they would cheerily wait longer still, if the spirits, through Harris, did not insist on projecting them into this huge Babylonish world, which they will now invade like bees with their multitudinous music.

We feel their company exceedingly refreshing. For when we come to think of it, we have hitherto been in chapel all our lives, attending to interests so grave, with faces so ecclesiastically long, that we ourselves have become as grave as undertakers' horses. The Thirty-nine Articles of our Church, or the five points of Calvinism, or measureless questions of good and evil, are the only smalltalk that has been allowed to us as Christian men. The universe has been parted into awful black and blinding white—seraphic and diabolic departments. The only smile permissible to our stiffened lips, has not been a kind, or a creditable one. Fun, which at worst is an imp, and whose greatest naughtiness is the boyish universe, mischief, has become a dæmon from having ventured ever to take a pew in the church of St. Sepulchre. Now all this kind of thing, this omnipresence of solemn services, is going to be limited somewhat, and to know its place; this bruited of extreme questions, this perpetual prospect of the gallows, this apotheosis of theological Jack Ketches, as though they were the Bishops of Bishops, is about to give place somewhat to matters less urgently tremendous, and a little nearer to pleasant innocence and finite good works.

A good deal of it will be actually tickled out of existence by the infinitesimal fairies. A good deal of it, not ticklable, will go to sleep with very fatigue from vain efforts to catch these tormenting and light-like nimblemen. We remember having seen the tiger in the Zoological Gardens harassed by midges: they were about him close; on his nose, ears and eyes; he was doubly fierce with rage; and he chopped with ox-destroying jaws, and cuffed with talons that snap horse's backbones easily, at these invulnerable riders of the air-sprays. It was no good, for he never caught one of them. So he then tigerly sawed forth a breath of sound which denied their existence, and lay

down on his side to sleep. And so we think it will be with the theological tiger and the fairies.

They *are* refreshing! For there is no chance of either Catholic, Protestant, or Greek Church sending a missionary expedition to proselytize them in the flower-bells. For while all poets know them, no priest can find them. There are many reasons for this; but the chief reason is, that priests and fairies are of opposite and mutual-fugal tendencies. The fairies tend to smallness. They begin on the other side of babies, and grow less as they grow better. They are *that* of the immortal seed which runs away from growth and gravitation into heaven. Their perfection is measured by their penetration. The better they are, the narrower the orifices they can enter. Straight gates and narrow ways are their nature's vessels. Eyes of needles are their ample and unshut cages. The best of them live in pencils and brushes of light, as in capacious universes. And lesser than light, they live in heat also, self-radiant, where pressure makes darkness for mortals. In a word, they aim at smallness. Priests, on the other hand, aim at bigness, and desire to pass through nothing less than doors of bulging cathedrals. And they begin on the other side of death, for they are mummies: and so we think these two are not destined soon to meet.

And if they did meet, they would not know each other. For each member of the progressively stuffed and padded hierarchy, looking with utter distraughtness to the next larger bolster of clergyman than himself, and so up to the enormous cram and fluff of upholstery sitting in the heaven of his tree, would see sheer through the minishing fairies as just so much perdition of clerical size altogether. And for the other part, the fairies would never divine that the priest was a priest, but mistake him for a portly chest of drawers, or a sideboard, in some rich epicurean's house; and perhaps make a single innocent ring, and dance one merry dance, upon his ruddy nose, inscient of what it was, as mariners have cast anchor in a whale. So you see it would be no use if they did meet; for their beings are respectively back to back; and they could never be introduced to one another.

This being the case, we must now endeavour then to introduce the fairies to our readers, by a selection of passages worthy of fairies, from this *Lyric of the Morning Land*. Already we have exhausted our terms of praise upon this poem, and we must now consider the reader full-grown in it, and able to appreciate these sweetly heavenly lays for himself.

Now, then, for the

SONG OF THE FAIRIES' GATHERING.

Golden Fairies, one and all—
The Golden Age is born again!—
Hasten from your flowery hall;
Ye shall dwell on earth with men.
Silver Fairies, from your pale—
The Golden Age is born again!—

Haste, in silver bridal vail;
Ye shall dwell on earth with men.
Azure Fairies from the sky—
The Golden Age is born again!—
O'er the streams of starlight fly;
Ye shall dwell on earth with men.

Earthly Youth and Angel-bride—
The Golden Years are born again!—
Stand Apollo's throne beside,
Crowned with gifts for earthly men.

And now for a lay which "shall be dear to children":—

The music of an infant's feet
Upon the floor, is passing sweet
To Father's heart and Mother's ear,
As Angel chanting in his sphere.

How soft the feathered warblers sing
What time the primrose decks the Spring!
'Tis true their lays breathe small of Art,
Yet they are fresh from Nature's Heart.

The skylark sings, "Rejoice! rejoice!"
The robin pipes with cheerful voice;
And the small wren joins in the tune,
While smiles in Heaven the young May-moon.

These vernal warblers all appear
As harbingers of Summer near;
Their notes, that fall like April showers,
Are Angel-music to the flowers.

Not theirs the grand triumphal chant
Of Summer days, but still they pant
With music, and the inmost core
Of life with love flows o'er and o'er.

And thus the fairy music falls
On Earth from Heaven's effulgent halls;
And thus, like drops of crimson rain,
The Fairies troop to Earth again.

Here are three stanzas of mere music, like the breath of a tuberosc:—

SONG OF THE FAIRIES' RETURN.

There came a Spirit, and he said:
"Sing, Heart within thy bosom bland—
With thee the Fairy Nations tread
Back to their ancient morning Land.
"Apollo's children, Youth and Maid—
Sing, Beating heart in bosom bland—
This is the very

So I heard the fairy lay—
The Golden Years are born again!—
Now joy betide this heavenly day;
The Fairy World descends to men.

They bless the flowers and bridal birds,
And all the bleating flocks and herds;
And where they dwell more sweet the air,
And thrilled with music soft and rare.

Small seems it to the worldly great,
That Fairy Land regains its state;
But simple children wake to song,
Attended by the Fairy throng.

And Poets wise again resume
An empire over fields bestrewn
With thoughts, that shape themselves as
sweet

As myrtle-groves, where Fairies meet.

One draught from Nature's simple well,
One thrill from hearts with love that
swell,

One leaf from Nature's garden green,
One elfin dance by maiden seen,

One page from Nature's book divine,
Bestowed from Heaven on men of Time,
Bespeak the grand Ausonian years,
Wherein Apollo and his Peers,

Enthroned amid the rising Sun,
Shall make the vibrant horizon
Resound with music tuneful-grand,
And earth be like their Morning Land.

When ye were born the Fairies made
Heart-music in their Skyey Land.
"And when to earthly sphere ye wend—
Sing, Beating heart in bosom bland—
Shall Fairies glad your steps attend,
And hallow Earth for Fairy Land."

SONG OF THE TWILIGHT FAIRIES.

Vestal Moon, Vestal Moon,
Star of Love's delight,
Rise, and gild our festal noon—
Noon of Fairy-night.

"Noon of fire, noon of fire,
Light the bridal day;"
So a distant Heavenly Choir
Whisper while they play.

Vestal Moon, Vestal Moon,
Up the golden height,
Thou art rising to thy noon—
We to Love's delight.

Fairies hide in cowslip bells,
Through the garish light;
Naiads rest in purple shells,
By the sea-marge bright.

Fairy-Queen, appear, appear,
From thy citron nest;
Wake, O wake! come, Sweet, for here
Shines the moonlight blest.

Golden Fairies in the Sun
Wind their elfin horn,
Where the dancing streamlets run,
And the Day is born.

Silver Fairies haunt the night,
 When the Sun's asleep;
 Azure Fays the heavenly height,
 'Mid the starry sheep,
 Fays of Silver, Gold, and Blue,
 Wake to Love's delight.
 Drink your fill of sweet May-dew,
 Chase the star-flakes bright.

Vestal Moon, Vestal Moon,
 From your golden height,
 Shine upon the fairy bloom;
 Hark! 'tis noon of night.
 Lo! we come, we come, we come,
 From the foxglove bells,
 Some from golden brake, and some
 From the asphodels.

Vestal Moon, Vestal Moon,
 From your golden height,
 Gaze through all the fairy noon,
 On our Love's delight.

Here is a drama of fairy life; more organic than organic science,
 and yet informing poetry with a life and play beyond poetry:—

"Fairies are Angel-thoughts; when man delighted,
 On Earth, in Love divine, as yet unblighted,
 The visible creations of his breast
 Appeared as Fays, in heavenly beauty dressed.
 These in glad troops dwelt 'round him, and they made,
 With their impersonal love, each leafy shade
 A grove of mystic beauty; every glade
 Was peopled by these bright ones; they were 'rayed'
 With all celestial splendors; still they dwell
 In every Heaven, in groves of asphodel;
 All beautiful they shine for Angel-eyes.
 Wonders, august as these are sweet, shall rise
 Before you, but not now; there waiteth ye,
 Children, one more transcendent mystery.

"Golden Fays, appear, appear
 At Apollo's call;
 Hide no more in ether clear;
 Hark the summons all.

"Fays of hill and grot and stream,
 Harken where ye stray;
 Fays of twilight and of dream,
 Gather while ye may."

By some divine enchantment, all the air
 Grew populous; the sky of clouds was bare,
 The wind-harps thrilled melodiously. Then came
 All Fairy Tribes and Nations, none the same
 In glory, but distinct, as if each were
 A separate essence. These assembled there,
 As all the forest-leaves that quivering thrill
 Together, when the odorous south winds fill
 The woodlands. Numerous as the sun-motes they,
 Day-bright, the heart of each a spirit-ray.

"Now your fairy sports begin—
 Sing, Heaven is love, sing, Heaven is love—
 Crowns of gold shall brightest win;
 Fairies form the heavenly dove."

The Fairies of the Dove drew nigh, and each
 Cooed dove-like in a soft and mellow speech;
 And all arose in the bright air as one,
 As separate essences together run,
 And seemed to change into a beauteous bird
 Of shining plumage; it melodious soared.

The Golden Fairies formed its breast;
 The Diamond Fairies formed its crest;
 The changeful splendors of its neck
 Were formed by Fairies of the beck;
 The Fairies of the queenly Rose,
 The Lily white, and sweet Tuberose,
 Moved in its pure immortal wings;
 The Fairies of the mountain springs
 Shone liquid in its tender eyes,
 And 'twas the Dove of Paradise.

The Elfin-king, with silver wand,
 Sat in the Dove's translucent brain;
 The Elfin-queen, 'mid odors bland,
 In the Dove's heart held fairy reign.

"O Fairies of the Rose, draw nigh!"
 A voice breathed low in melody.
 Then Fairies came with crimson wings,
 Like hymeneal carolings.
 Some were clad in golden green,
 These in emerald leaf were seen;
 Some were dress'd in richest red,
 These the ruby leaves outspread;
 Some were robed in golden flame,
 These interior forms became,
 And, as youth and virgin, played
 Music in the red heart-shade.
 But the beauteous Red-rose Queen
 As the Rose-nymph was beseen,

Fairy Venus in the sea
 Of its perfumed melody.
 And the Rose-king circling flew,
 Sparkling rays of silver dew,
 Till drawn within that effluence sweet,
 As Bride and Groom we saw them meet.

The Fairies of the Diamond came;
 Each bore a wand of shining flame;
 They touched the Lily's glowing feet—
 I saw the sparks of radiance meet;
 They formed the shining sandals then—
 More glorious ne'er was diadem.

The Fairies of the Bridal Bower
 Came in a sparkling golden shower,
 And with a veil of glowing light,
 Born from their laughing eyes' delight,
 They robed the Lily, brighter far
 Than shines in Heaven the Hesper-star.

The Fairies are the architects of Heaven;
 As coral insects build beneath the sea,
 So unto these in Angel-realms 'tis given
 To build the Temples of Eternity.
 "Sing, Glad, my heart, the sweet refrain,
 The Fairies build the Heavenly Fane."

And now, for the present, sweet fairies, fare ye well! Ye will yet come to your inheritance here below, and, like the Lilliputians, conquer the monsters and the giants: for such is even the human course of progress. Perfection alone achieves smallness. Art grows compact and little as it advances; rude strength passes away; and the strength of words, and of the Word, becomes all strength. Gentleness is the last of power. The unfelt and the invisible, like the iron of the invulnerable air, suspends the bridges of the universes. The dynamical is the autocrat of the material. Thus, the decease of giants, and the coming of fairies, is identical with the hopes, and with the newness, of the world. In this regard, we have often thought that the myth of Thor slaying giants with his hammer is singularly at one with these revelations of the fairy powers. That hammer is the lightning, made of parts so fine that they can surcease like ghosts when their stroke of work is done. And this lightning, or fairy-element of many names, has already, on this earth, in its telegraph, slain the grandmother of all the giants, namely, great Old Space herself. Europe already, with its lines of latitude and longitude, is already for speech, of no size at all, that is to say, of fairy size. It is a spiritual conceit, rather than a continent. May we not therefore hope that fairy-size or perfectness, from this huge example, will propagate itself for ever onwards in new generations of fairy powers?

We confess to having been bathed in a delight like childhood coming

as a lovely kingdom through manhood (or womanhood, for perhaps, dear reader, we are a lady), in reading these special verses on the fairy world: they have had a power of medicining care, and drawing forth calm, such as no lines had ever before exerted upon us. Gentle reader, may they work as healthfully and happily upon thee!

And if thou lovest love, look at one of its new capacities in the following great verses:—

Celestial flowers perfume with sweetest smell
The Nuptial-bowers where Lyric Angels dwell.
The subtle stream of harmony that flows
From poet-hearts, as fragrance from the rose,
Condensed by art divine, becomes a fount;
Into celestial air its white wreaths mount,
Rising, but falling never; but they flow
Most in the night, and then like rainbows glow.
For then these Angels, beautiful and holy,
Crowned with the amaranth and purple moly,
And blended into oneness with their spouses,
Sit with them in the bright Sun's golden houses,
Or walk upon the windless, waveless deep,
Where lie the sleeping stars, or climb the steep
Of the immortal Sun-sphere, where they stand,
By fragrance blown from its pavilion fanned.

We end with the wondrous heaven of the Sun—

"This is Apollo's Heaven," the Lily said,
"And that vast Hemisphere of light below,
The Sun-sphere of the planet Earth; 'tis fed
From the Sun-heaven, and wins therefrom its glow.
The Spirit-skies that bend sublime above,
Are the Archangel-universe, where Love,
Itself supreme, maketh all things we see,
And binds in one divine triunity,
All realms, all ranks of sentient life. Behold,"
She spoke, "the Sacred City, known of old
To Poets, called by them, in music grand,
The 'Golden Temple of the Morning Land.'
Thou art within the Sun; its orb of fire
Is far below us; as a shining pyre,
By aromatic splendors fed, grows bright,
And burns away the gross, material night,
So the material Sun is fed from Heaven;
And when its vast electric robes are riven,
'Tis seen a world of matter most refined;
Round it unfold wide realms where Angel-mind
Grows perfect in divine employ; and here
In their unmeasured magnitude appear
Colossal temples, builded, not by one,
But many Nations; here are streams that run
With elemental life; and life descends
From the Sun-heaven into the Sun, nor ends
In that vast Paradise, but, streaming forth,
Peoples with beauteous forms each planet Earth."
She paused; then said, in speech more low, "Fear not,
But boldly cross its threshold, for no spot

Bedims thy diadem, no impious thought;
 And thou, by Love Divine, art hither brought,
 For ends of use to thee and all mankind."
 Her utterance ceased. There came a rushing wind,
 A maelstrom of white light; our car was blown
 Into its vortex; calm the Lily shone,
 But the bright car, swift driven, appeared to pass
 As through a molten sea of burning glass.
 And ever as we sped she sang, and when
 The fires became intensely red again,
 She fixed her glorious eyes upon my breast.
 'Mid that wide maelstrom we supreme were blest
 As pure young Lovers in their Eden bower,
 And calm as parting Saints, whose festal hour
 Is waited on by Death, who holds the key
 That opes the brightness of Eternity.
 Great waves of harmony flowed through that hirl
 Of elemental splendors; there did curl
 The crimson waves, and, ever and anon,
 There flashed a radiance that no outward Sun
 Could gaze on. Still we sped upon our way.
 Softly and beautiful a violet ray
 Soothed sight; we seemed to change to forms of fire;
 So bright were we; and then we heard a Choir,
 Deep-voiced, who seemed around our way to go.
 Their music was a stream; we heard it flow
 Against our chariot; like a golden shell
 It trembled to the music's rising swell,
 And we within it. In the East we saw,
 As Moses when he heard the ancient law,
 GOD IN DIVINE HUMANITY! A Form
 Like that on lower Earth in manger born,
 Transfigured o'er that Heavenly Tabor shone.
 Ten thousand thousand Angels, in a zone
 Of seven-fold rainbows, filled the effulgent rays
 Of His Divine Appearing; songs of praise
 Echoed and echoed; and beneath that light
 The great Sun-heaven unfolded to our sight.

Mark well here that nothing is final; but that over all thy former
 skies still bend the "spirit-skies of the archangel universe." Adieu.

A SPIRITUAL DREAM.

THE following dream has been communicated to us for
 insertion in THE SPIRITUAL HERALD. It occurred, as will be
 seen, to the late Charles Augustus Tulk, Esq.

It was in a room, similar in all respects to our dormitory
 at Westminster School, that I met my dear friend, James
 Mitchell. The delight I felt at again seeing one for whom, while
 he was living in the world, I had so sincere a friendship,

caused me, for a moment, to lose sight of the difference of our states. But when our mutual congratulations were over, it then occurred to me that Mitchell was no longer in the natural world. "How is this, Mitchell?" said I; "I am well aware that you have entered upon another state of existence, and yet you appear to me in the form by which I knew you. But this cannot really be—it is impossible that this can be your present appearance, since a change of state, such as yours, must have produced a corresponding change of form—tell me, how am I to account for this?"—"The reason for my appearing in this manner is, that you might know me for the same; had I appeared in my real form you could not have recognised me." "And how am I to see you under that form," said I, "since I am far more desirous of seeing you as you are, than such as I remember you to be?"—"You have only to look at yourself in that mirror," he replied, "and you will behold my reflected image, as I appear through you." I accordingly took the glass, and viewed, with sensations of the highest joy, the angelic countenance of my departed friend. It bore not the least resemblance, that I could discover, to his earthly face, but had a certain indescribable expression, by which, as I thought at the time, I knew that it belonged to a happy spirit, and not to an inhabitant of the earth. "This is indeed such a countenance as I could have wished my friend to have, for it tells me that you are among the number of the happy; and yet there is something," said I, "that I could have wished to be away—those tufts of hair, upon your cheeks and chin, surely they disfigure your countenance—why do you wear them?"—"Alas!" said he, "this countenance, beautiful as it appears to you, was completely covered with hair when I first entered the world of spirits. Indeed, my sufferings have been great; but I am among the happy, and am gradually losing this deformity, which will soon entirely disappear." He then spoke of the Lord's New Church, and how happy he was to find everything respecting another life, which his friend believed in, to be true. "You were not aware, Mitchell," said I, "when we knew one another upon earth, of the religious sentiments in which I was brought up, nor of those writings, which now form the great comfort of my life."—"I would that I had known them," he replied, "they might perhaps have rendered unnecessary much of the suffering I have endured." I then asked whether he had seen Swedenborg. "Frequently," he replied. "Ah! my dear friend, you think greatly of my

countenance and form, what would you say if you were to behold him?"—"And can I not? Go, my dear Mitchell, learn whether I may not be permitted to behold him." His image was gone from the mirror, but, in a few moments, he returned. "You will see Swedenborg," said he, "and yet you will not see him; his countenance is so surpassingly beautiful, that, in your present state, you would not be able to endure it—it must be veiled, that it may not overpower you. But look in the mirror, my friend, and his image will appear upon it, reflected from your countenance." I looked, and never shall I forget the celestial face that appeared before me. It far surpassed all that I could have imagined of beautiful and majestic. It seemed as if he were about twenty years of age. His dark auburn hair, flowed in ringlets nearly to his shoulders. His mouth was exquisitely formed, and had so sweet an expression—such a heavenly radiance beamed from his eyes, and his whole countenance so far exceeded whatever I had pictured to myself of an angelic being, that, when he smiled, and nodded, as if in token of approbation, I was overcome, and burst into a flood of tears—tears of overpowering joy: when I looked up, he was gone, and my friend Mitchell was again before me. "Is this our Swedenborg?" said I; "surely there never was an angel of such surpassing beauty!"—"Ah! my friend," he answered, "you have not seen our Swedenborg such as he really is—you will be surprised, perhaps, when I tell you, that to temper that dazzling beauty, which in your present state could not have been borne, *there were nine layers of stone between him and you, and your own rough visage to boot!* He is an angel of the highest Heaven, and, as such, could not have been beheld with any delight, had not these been interposed between you."

Such are the particulars, faithfully related, of what passed between Mitchell and myself; even the peculiarities of some of the expressions which he used have been retained. So lively, so real, so orderly and consistent was the whole scene, and so sweet a sphere, for a long time after, pervaded my mind, that I had no little difficulty in pronouncing it to be a dream. During the whole of the day, I felt powerfully as if my friend were present. I can only describe it, if indeed it can be described, as an internal sensation, for it seemed as if but a slight veil kept me from seeing him, and enjoying again the scenes which are so deeply imprinted on my mind.

CHARLES AUGUSTUS TULK.

IN YOUTH I DIED.

In youth I died, in maiden bloom;
 With gentle hand Death touched my cheek,
 And with his touch there came to me
 A spirit calm and meek.

He took from me all wish to stay;
 He was so kind, I fear'd him not;
 My friends beheld my slow decline,
 And mourn'd my joyless lot.

They saw but sorrow; I descried
 The bliss that never fades away;
 They felt the shadow of the tomb;
 I mark'd the heavenly day.

I heard them sob, as through the night
 They kept their watch: then in my ear,
 Amid the sobbing, fell a voice
 Their anguish could not hear.

"Come, and fear not!" it softly cried;
 "We wait to lead thee to thy home:"
 Then leapt my spirit to reply,
 "I come! I long to come!"

I heard them whisper o'er my bed,
 "Another hour and she must die!"
 I was too weak to answer them,
 That endless life was nigh.

Another hour, with bitter tears,
 They mourn'd me as untimely dead,
 And heard not how I sang a song
 Of triumph o'er their head.

They bore me to the grave, and thought
 How narrow was my resting place;
 My soul was roving high and wide
 At will, through boundless space.

They clothed themselves in robes of black;
 Through the sad aisles the requiem rang;
 Meanwhile the white-robed choirs of heaven
 A holy psalm sang.

Oft from my Paradise I come
 To visit those I love on earth;
 I enter, unperceived, the door;
 They sit around the hearth,

And talk in saddened tone of me,
 As one that never can return;
 How little think they that I stand
 Among them, as they mourn!

But Time will ease their grief, and Death
 Will purge the darkness from their eyes;
 Then shall they triumph, when they learn
 Heaven's solemn mysteries.

TRANCES OF ANNIE.

June 10, 1856.—I was reading the third chapter of Malachi, when Annie passed into the trance, and said: I can see my guide now, my own guide. He is in armour of gold, and he has told me that he also appears to himself to have been away from me, and he has been fighting at the dark end of the world of spirits.

We are in the same garden where the little girl appeared.

Can the guide now tell us to what part of the spiritual world it corresponds?

It is a sphere of water—the white blood, that passes through all the societies of the grand man, from head to feet; the place we are now in is about the thighs. Our guides have been in the descent of the same sphere, but lower down in the feet, and I could not see them. My guide tells me he appears to have been there seven weeks, but I cannot tell if that would be seven of our weeks.

There is a separation of the spirits now taking place in the world of spirits, and the truths from this sphere have to be guarded in their descent. The Lord wills that all truths should flow to very ultimates; but the angels always protect their descent into the world of spirits, and guard them from passing into the hells, and allow only such truths to enter the world of spirits, as can be received, or as will not be hurt by perversion.

Your guides have been near you, and your sister has helped in the combat; but the female character cannot defend the truths so much as the male, but they carry off the truths, and give them away to those who can receive them. That is the correspondence of spoil in war; and all the spoil that your sister could possibly carry herself, she has given to your friend (the General, and my guide says he is doing well, and is now passing through another society). My guide looks beautiful in his armour! The helmet is shaped like a dove, and the wings on either side can fall over the face, but only in danger. There is life in that part; for the dress is produced from the mind, and the internal can see danger quicker than the external, and protect it.

The coat or tunic is like the fleece of a lamb of gold. In the distance the society, when standing together, would appear like lambs. The shield is of all kinds of precious stones, arranged in beautiful order, and set in gold. From the thighs

to the feet are plates of armour of gold ; but the feet are naked beneath, the plates of the armour falling over them above. The sword is "the Word" which is folded within the handle ; the handle alone is visible at the side of my guide, and has two rows of rubies and diamonds. When the sword is drawn, it has never the same appearance ; and the blade is sometimes of gold, sometimes steel, or iron, according to the societies he has to combat with. It is the *Word* ; and, in combat, the sphere of the Word would produce the sword necessary for the occasion.

I have the sword now in my hand, and the word opened from it, and I can read it :

"The wars of Jehovah are for mercy and truth, that his children may be brought to serve him.

"Jehovah is not profited by the work of their hands, but is ever showering blessings upon them.

"The sword of Jehovah is very mighty."

I have asked the guide if I could read anything for my friends. He answered, if I could take it and lay it beside the stream of water in the middle of the garden, where the rose trees are, the fairies would open it.

I have carried it, and placed it where he told me ; and it is now open as a book, and I will read :

"Jehovah will not afflict his sons and daughters, but will provide them bread and water.

"The Lord is truth and justice, but man cannot receive him.

"Jehovah will stand by the clean vessel, that dust may not be attracted.

"Jehovah will protect and keep clear the path of his servant, but evil is near for combat.

"The way to the Lord is very narrow, but the path is clean."

That I have read for *you*, and this is for myself :

"The shoulder of Jehovah is very powerful, and his hands and feet rest upon the mountains."

That is all for me, and I cannot read out of the Word here for any one else now. But here is something for little C—— :

"Goodness is its own reward."

Those words appeared in letters of gold, in the centre of a beautiful pink water lily, that rose out of the stream.

My guide says that he cannot now remain any longer here.

He is gone.

On June 19, I mesmerised Annie ——— for a few minutes, for the first time since her accouchement and severe illness. When

entranced, I said, "How are you?"—"Very well." Then, after a pause, "The guides are not with me; no one is with me but a little girl, a new guide. My guides are busy in the world of spirits, not far from here. For the last several weeks a great separation between the good and evil, between the heavens and the hells, has been going on in the world of spirits; and this is effected by a powerful influence of divine goodness. The guides are with others, protecting those who come into the world of spirits in the mean time; and to prevent the new divine influx from penetrating into the hells, companies of angels are stationed at their mouths. I asked whether this was in consequence of the recent "Peace" on earth. She said, "No: there is no peace; I see written in many places, 'discord.' The sphere is most mournful, and this place, sorrowful and gloomy. It is mournful when there is the word 'peace,' and not the reality." (Tears rolled down her cheeks). I asked her of the poisoner, Palmer. She said, "He is in an iron box. The spirits have him there. He has not yet come to himself; he does not know himself yet. They dare not speak to him." Previously to the trance, I had conversed with her about him. She then said, that the influence of murderers, after execution, was more strongly exerted upon the world; and that, hence, other murders often succeeded the execution of such persons; and, she said, this was a powerful reason against capital punishments. I asked, "If, in the longest run, there was any hope of reformation for the like of Palmer?" She said, "I do not know." She now desired to be awakened—"to come back;" and seemed glad to be released from a doleful place.

June 20.—My guides are not with me to-day; but we have an angel guide here, who will take us to one of the mountains. We can't go very far, but we are there now. We ascended in a sphere of light—sunlight. There were a great many angels with us, who appeared very young, from seven to ten years of age.

"Shall I describe the mountain?"

"Do what you like."

The mountain is formed of one large ruby. There are a great many trees and flowers about it, divided into many parts. There are angels talking about the Word, in some parts of the mountain; others riding upon white horses, which signifies the understanding of the Word; others washing their hands in a stream of water, which signifies purification of the external man. Some are gathering fruits—they are delights of wisdom

from the Word. Some gathering flowers—they are arranging truths they have received from the Lord, the flowers representing the truths.

There is a beautiful angel coming through the clouds. The angel has brought the Word. He came in a chariot, with four white horses. The chariot is pure gold. He is reading the Word :

“Stand still, ye works of Jehovah,

“For your Maker passeth by :

“Jehovah will breathe upon you to bless you,

“But keep his works clean.

“Breathe not for instruction,

“But consider your doings.

“For your Maker is just, wonderful, and mighty—

“Jehovah is his name.”

That’s all I can hear.

Each spirit and angel who heard the Word would receive it in a different form, according to their several necessities. The Word being divine would not fall to two minds alike, for no two minds are exactly alike.

The angel has disappeared with the Word, and where he stood is a beautiful fountain of water. Because no divine truth can be lost, it will take the form of the fountain, as the form of the truths received to-day.

We are in one of the houses on the mountain. In each room, on a table, lay the Word ; because the Lord can live in that Word, it being divine, even to the letter. As we entered, we came into a room to the left, and there were gold letters over the door—

“The will of the Lord is mercy and peace.”

And the room was bordered with beautiful flowers, each flower forming a letter. The flowers appeared to form a letter at first, but they have words, I see, now, and the words become sentences as you look into them.

“Listen, ye children, and bend the knee to the Lord.”

The next flower :—

“Lift up thy right hand, and Jehovah will fill it.” It will take so long to go round with the flowers, I think we’ll not stay here.


We are in a reading and music room now : there are many angels here reading. I can hear beautiful music here. In the centre is a little child, praying. It was very short, the prayer—

“Fountain of mercy hear my prayer,
And bless a little child.”

Then we saw a great company of angels holding their hands over the child.

I cannot stay any longer.

One of the angels asked what we had learned in our travels to-day. I answered for myself: "To look to the Lord through his Word, to be just and merciful to others, and to pray as a little child." That is all I told him.

 The reader of Annie's Trances is informed hereby, that a large volume of them exists in manuscript, and only awaits a publisher. The specimens given in this number of the *Spiritual Herald*, spiritually suggestive and edifying as they are, convey but a very faint idea of this extraordinary volume, which, whenever it comes out, will cast a steady ray of heaven upon the whole domain of spiritualism. These trances treat, in great part, of questions far more accessible than those given in the earlier part of this number. They contain most pregnant and touching accounts of many persons, some of them of note, who have passed into the spiritual world. They shed a light upon many hitherto obscure points of the spiritual economy of man, and of the universe. In one respect they are unique—they draw everything directly from the living fountain of THE WORD. We have endeavoured in vain to have them published by Messrs. Partridge and Brittan; from those gentlemen, although they received our friendly communication, and made use of it, we have had no reply. Perhaps then these trances are designed to find a publisher in England. Valuing them among the costly spiritual jewels given in this age, we shall be truly glad if any individual will come forward to enjoy the privilege of putting them forth as the last fruits of the ever-progressive New Church.

(*These Trances are continued on page 197.*)

SPIRIT POEM ON THE RAVEN.

BY EDGAR A. POE, THROUGH T. L. HARRIS.

THE following Poem, claiming to emanate from the Spirit of the gifted and unfortunate Edgar Allen Poe, was dictated through T. L. Harris while in an entranced condition, on Saturday evening, May 31st, S. B. Brittan, Esq., acting as amanuensis. Mr. H. was conversing with Mr. B., without any expectation of receiving a Spiritual visitant, when the author of "The Raven" appeared, another Spirit of the Elizabethan age being also present.

After dictating the closing lines of the Poem, its Spirit-author communicated the brief statement which prefaces it. The Medium submits it to the public without comment of his own, feeling assured that its interior character will vindicate its

claim. He will simply add, that he had received no previous intimation of the Spirit's desire to communicate.

THE RAVEN.

My design, in this production, has been to embody, in Poetic drapery, the secret of my life. Being from my cradle a haunted man, conscious of more than human presence, and unable, from physiological and mental perversions, to analyze its essence, I grew morbid and melancholy.

This influence was that of my good guardian. Supernal visions, elevating and inspiring, descended from him to me. These visions became distorted in their descent. I wrote under Spiritual inspiration. My mediatorial condition was imperfect. I misapprehended and misinterpreted the Spiritual truth; hence the gloomy, misanthropic character of my productions.

I left the body to recover sanity; and then, in that mysterious, ethereal, ideal world, discovered the pain-producing, vision-creating influence, operative in me in my earth-life, to have been, not demoniacal, but celestial.

Pity the man of genius. Madness itself, when accompanied with any degree of physical comfort, is Eden in comparison to the growth-pains of a mind, living in the unconscious violation of the Spirit's Law; forced to the rack of mental exertion to purchase bread; unable to compete with men of the world; crushed by unfeeling avarice; inly, vainly striving through all despair to give birth to deathless inspirations.—I have but partially expressed myself.

E. A. P.

Fires within my brain were burning;
Scorning life, despairing, yearning,
Hopeless, blinded in my anguish, through
my body's open door,
Came a Raven, foul and sable,
Like those evil birds of fable,
Downward swooping, where the drooping
spectres haunt the Stygian shore.
—Not a bird, but something more.

Ghosts of agonies departed,
Festered wounds that long had
smarted,
Broken vows, returnless mornings, griefs
and miseries of yore,
By some art revived.—Undaunted
I gazed steadfast.—The enchanted,
Black, infernal Raven uttered a wild
dirge-note evermore.—
Not a bird, but something more.

Gazing steady, gazing madly
On the bird, I spake, and sadly
Broken down too deep for scorning,
sought for mercy to implore.
Turning to the bird I blessed it;
In my bosom I caressed it;
Still it pierced my heart and revelled in
the palpitating gore;—
'Twas a bird, and something more.

I grew mad. The crowding fancies—
Black weeds they, not blooming
pansies—
Made me think the bird a Spirit.—
"Bird," I cried, "be bird no more.

Take a shape; be man; be devil;
Be a snake;—rise from thy revel;
From thy banquet rise;—be human;
I have seen thee oft before;
Thou art bird and something more.

"Tapping, tapping, striking deeper,
Rousing Pain, my body's keeper,
Thou hast oft erewhile sought entrance
at the heart's great palace door.
Take thy shape, O gloomy demon,
Fiend, or spirit most inhuman,
Strike me through, but first, unavailing,
let me scan thee o'er and o'er:
Thou art bird, but something
more."

Still, with sable pinions flapping,
The great Raven, tapping, tapping,
Struck into my breast his talons; vast
his wings outspread, and o'er
All my nature cast a pallor;
But I strove with dying valor,
With the poniard of repulsion striking
through the form it wore;
Not a bird, but something more.

"O, thou huge, infernal Raven,
Image that Hell's King hath graven,
Image growing more gigantic, nursed
beyond the Stygian shore,
Leave me, leave me, I beseech thee,
I would not of wrong impeach thee,"
I cried madly.—Then earth opened with
a brazen, earthquake roar—
'Twas a bird,—a Demon more.

Downward, downward, circling, speeding,
 Cries of anguish still unheeding,
 Striking through me with his talons,—still
 that Raven shape he bore,—
 Unto Erebus we drifted;
 His huge wings by thunders lifted,
 Beat 'gainst drifts of white flame-lightning,
 sprinkled red with human gore.
 'Twas a bird, a Demon more.

"I'm no bird—an Angel, Brother,
 A Bright Spirit and none other;
 I have waited, blissful, tended thee for
 thirty years and o'er;
 In thy wild, illusive madness,
 In thy blight, disease and sadness,
 I have sounded, tapping, tapping, at thy
 Spirit's Eden door:—
 Not a bird, an Angel more!—

"Shining down with light Elysian,
 Through the pearly gates of vision,
 On thy tranced, soul-lighted fancy, when,
 across thy chamber floor

New York, May 31, 1856.

Fell the Spirit-moonlight, laden
 With soft dew from trees in Aidenn
 Shaken downward—still nepenthe, drunk
 by dreaming bards of yore;—
 Not a bird, an Angel more.

"In my Palmyrenian splendor,
 In Zenobian regnance tender,
 More than Roman, though Aurelian were
 the kingly name I bore,
 I have left my angel-palace,
 Dropping in thy sorrow's chalice
 Consolation. O, 'twas blessed, sweet,
 thy pillow to bend o'er;—
 Not a bird, an Angel more.

"Ended is life's mocking fever;
 Where, through citron groves, for ever
 Blows the spice-wind and the love-birds
 tell their rapture o'er and o'er,
 From earth's hell by afrits haunted,
 From its evil, disenchanted,
 I have borne thee; gaze upon me; didst
 thou see me e'er before?—
 Not a fiend, an Angel more."

CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST.

THE CZAR IN THE SPIRITUAL WORLD.

5th of April, 1855.

"WHEN the angels first brought the Czar Nicholas into the spiritual world," said Annie, "he could not breathe, and they had to lay him gently on his back, and remained beside him for two days. After that time he began to move a little, and asked for water. The angels brought him water; but he rejected it, and threw it over the angels who offered him it. He wanted natural water, but not being able to receive the correspondence, 'Truth,' he refused it, and so withdrew himself from the angels. He then sank down into a dark and dirty place, but some good spirits came to his assistance, and brought him a mixture to drink, very muddy-looking, but which being accommodated to his state, he was enabled to swallow. This revived him, and the good spirits then conveyed him to a house, and showed him every attention. The Emperor imagines that he must have lost his crown from political events, and that he has taken refuge with these good people, to whom he promises great rewards when he regains his throne, which he tells them he is sure to do. He moreover assures them that soon there will be only one King over all the world, and that he is to be that King or Emperor; not that he desires, he adds, this pre-eminence himself, but that it is his destiny. His state is notwithstanding capable of regeneration," said the Seeress, "because he wished to do what he thought was right, and his own cause he fancied a just one. The Czar is on the left side of the World of Spirits."

SECOND STATE OF THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

10th of May, 1855.

On enquiring of our Seeress to-day if she had heard since of the Czar, whilst in the trance, she said, "Yes; your friend (the General) tells me

that he was last seen in an iron cage; he had become so domineering, the good spirits could not manage him. They have given him a sofa, chair and table, with pen, ink and paper, and he is to be kept there until he signs a 'treaty of peace.' Sometimes the Emperor appears to be more conformable, and agrees to sign the conditions, and at other times he will not; then he pretends he will sign it, but inwardly determines to make it void when he chooses. But with this thought in his mind (according to the order of *spiritual* laws) he cannot make the pen write. Still he tries to make believe that he has signed it, and hands it gravely over to the good spirits, who smile, and quietly give the Czar his document back again, saying that nothing has been written. But he is not unhappy; in fact, he had begun to make a little progress before this state, and even to learn a few truths, and a beautiful palace had been lent him to live in; but he soon wanted all the parks and gardens around, and the other palaces in sight as well; and his Majesty became so angry and domineering, when told that he could not have the property of others, and be allowed to have all his own way, that the spirits were obliged to confine him in an iron cage: he does not see the bars; it appears to him as a small room which he chooses to occupy. The Czar even says that he would rather remain there than be annoyed with the spirits wanting to talk to him every time he goes out. He walks up and down with quite a grand air, for he is mercifully not permitted yet to see his real state, but lives in a kind of fantasy of his own greatness. He can, however, be regenerated, and if truths are presented to him mildly, he will gradually receive them."

ON THE WAR.

THE trance of the Seeress "Annie" here transcribed took place early in June, 1854.

"My guide has been explaining to me," said Annie (after remaining for some time silent in her trance), "the causes of wars in the world. They originated from the fall of man, and the inversion in consequence of Divine order; to restore which and save mankind, Jehovah promised to come into the world, which could only be done according to order.

"It is very difficult for me to tell it you again. I can see more in a moment than I could tell you in a day.

"When the promise was given, the advent commenced; though so many centuries elapsed, according to the appearance of time, before Jehovah actually appeared in the flesh.

"The descent of the Divine Human sphere through the Grand Man, drawing from each society the evil, and re-arranging them according to order, first caused combat, which in ultimates appeared in wars on the earth. Each successive war was caused by the gradual descent of the 'Divine Human' in the Grand Man.

"Supposing evils and falses to be exterminated in a war, then goods and truths will take their places.

"So the Lord descended through the Grand Man (which is the form of the heavens), purifying all the vessels and parts, till the Divine Sphere reached the womb; and then the Lord was born in the world, on our earth.

"The evil in the societies in the thighs and feet had to be combated and trampled on in the world.

"For this reason: the Lord could not, according to Divine order, descend in the 'Grand Man' down one side of the extremities, leaving or ascending the other; but the collated evils and falses drawn from all the upper societies of the 'Grand Man' were cast into the feet, and the Lord when in the world conquered at once all these.

"This was the First Advent.

"You know," continued the Seeress, impressively, "that the Second Advent is the descent of the New Church as a Bride; but before this can be effected, the sphere has again to be combated (the Lord himself having first descended to render salvation possible), and the *Lord acknowledged*, before the New Church can descend on the earth. It is like unto when a man is regenerated; falses and evils must be fought against in ourselves, and our evils removed, before truths can be received *into the life*, and then the work of regeneration commences. So it is with the regeneration of mankind at large, and these are as combats of the Evil Spirits against the Good Spirits in the *World of Spirits*, and they become by correspondence wars in ultimates or on the earths. There seems very much to be done by this war," said the Seeress, thoughtfully; "good and truth are represented by England and France, who will fight against the lust of dominion grounded in the false represented by Russia; but it appears as yet that they make but little progress. *Your guide*," said Annie, "has been to see some wise men in the spiritual world, who have told him that there are wars now in some of the other planets of our solar system. I can only remember one name, that is Saturn; the places at war there are called 'Ohiea and Alfea'; their war originated in a dispute about two words, *which* should be placed on the right side and *which* on the left. Our war *apparently* had no better reason; the cause *seemed* as trivial, for it appeared in the world of spirits as two men fighting for a cross on a piece of paper.

"This war corresponds to the arrangement of the societies in the Grand Man in the large bloodvessel descending from the heart, the Grand Man being composed of all societies from different planets."

Continuation of the subject of the War, and the effects of this War in the Spiritual World.

The guide described to Annie how this war was felt in the spiritual world: he took her along the current of influx from heaven to the edge of the "green garden," from whence she could see combat below in the world of spirits.

The spirits cannot see the war there, but it appears as if goods and truths had to fight against evils and falses.

The guide can see all the correspondence which is so full and wonderful. Annie said, that she could not describe in a week all that she had seen in his face in a second.

The war, continued Annie, alters the circulation in the Grand Man in the same way as you can imagine in an individual, when the circulation of the blood is going on quietly, and there comes a sudden agitation and excitement.

This agitation is felt at present from the feet to the knees; but it will extend upwards, from the thighs to the heart, to that large bloodvessel which descends from the heart, through which the blood flows downwards to supply the body—all the societies there will be finally arranged after this war.

The effects of former wars were the arrangement in order of societies higher up, which do not feel the effects of this war.

The "wars of Jehovah" in the "ancient world" affected the societies in the brain.

The wars of the Philistines, lower down, and so on with every successive war since the creation; and yet the final arrangement of the societies has only reached the large bloodvessel descending from the heart!

The angels can see dark spots around those who go in this war; and it will appear as if those most wanted, or the best, were taken away; but the reason is, that the spiritual state of some would become worse if they remained longer on earth, and so they are removed in mercy; or, that others will be still more useful in the spiritual world.

The union of England and France represents good and truth united (in the regeneration of the world): they will finally triumph, but there seems a great deal to be done first.

After this war, the societies in the breast will be re-arranged, and a *higher influx will be able to come lower down*; for the Lord, according to divine order, acts mediately by influx through the heavenly societies.

The union of good and truth, represented by England and France, is but of an external kind. A nation or person may represent by correspondence a quality, and yet not possess individually that quality, more than others; but after this war, it appears as if truths would be more quickly received. Afterwards things will go on quietly for a time, until the arrangement of other societies, lower down, becomes necessary.

In the spiritual world the influx can be perceived.

OTHER TRANCES.

JUNE 28, 1856.—My guide is not with me, but the angel who came the last time I was mesmerised is here. We are on the top of one of the mountains called Hope. It is divided into two parts: on one side are houses, and on the opposite side gardens, and the leaves on the trees are of a deep purple, and between every seven trees is a beautiful fountain cut out of different precious stones. The centre fountain is the most beautiful—a grape vine round it, and the grapes are quite ripe. There is wine in this fountain instead of water; it is extracted from the grapes as they hang. Since we have stood here, twelve children have come to the fountain with gold and silver cups, for wine. This is only a representative scene: the twelve children are twelve angels, who have come for instruction from the Word. Swedenborg is here. He has brought the Word with him to read to us.

Hope in Jehovah, and He will redeem thee.

Rest thy shoulder by the mountain, and Jehovah will pass by.

He will bless and protect thee, filling thy mouth with good things.

Lovingkindness is in the hands of Jehovah; and for mercy He will breathe upon thee.

That is all Swedenborg read, but he left the Word with me.

As I held the Word, two angels came, and asked if I could part with it. I gave it to them. And as they were receiving it, there came two doves. In the mouth of each dove, a letter; but one letter appeared as a ring. There is written on the paper brought by the dove—

"It is the will of Jehovah that all flesh be saved; but woe to that man

who receiveth instruction, and will not act thereby. As pearl can be crushed with the hammer, so truth may be hidden within dust."

The paper is signed by Swedenborg. When he gave the Word, it was as a test: if I had not given up the Word, this message would not have come.

Did I tell you Swedenborg saw Dr. K——? He saw him, and desired to be remembered; and said, he saw how he admired the truths of the internal Word. He then said, "Unto whom much is revealed, from him much also will be required." I asked Swedenborg if the English language would be the universal language, and he said, "Yes: the English language is spoken by the angels in some of the interior societies. The spiritual language is expressed by the face; but where language is used, the English is spoken in some of the interior societies."

We are back now in the green garden. We looked through the window into the world of spirits. I saw Palmer; he is standing upon his feet, but he is quite blind. In the world of spirits they are more at peace than a week ago, but I can't stay. The blindness of Palmer is an accommodation, so that he imagines himself alive in the natural world. He thinks they have not taken his life, but his sight. He appears dressed in black, very tight: his face is not nice to look at.

Dr. K. took her hand; she said she saw us all now, in the gold and silver garden. Dr. K. is standing beside a green tree: the Word is on a table near him, and some papers: and they are tied into several rolls, as if about to be used. I can't see into them. The angel says they represent sciences and knowledges derived from the Word: the Word being open is the foundation. There is a piece of paper on the Word, with these words, "Give bread to the children, and they will bless thee." The bread is instruction in good; they will bless thee, signifies they will be benefited and improved. There are two angels near Dr. K——; and his dress is blue.

July 4, 1856.—I am in the gold and silver garden; my guide is not with me; the angel guard is here. We were taken in a chariot of silver with two white horses to a palace. This palace collectively represents the Word. The parts of the Word, the greater and lesser Prophets, also the Gospels and Revelations, are divided into rooms. I asked the number of the rooms to the first book, Genesis. The number is ten thousand. We can go to the first room with this guide—to room number one. There are ten divisions. In the first division appears a small egg of light, like light, but in the egg form, made of light from the sun. The light from the egg enters the second division of this room. There it appears of gold and silver; gold to the right, silver to the left: it still keeps its egg form. In the third division it becomes much larger, round and flat, and is composed of three substances—gold, silver and water. The water is in the circumference, the gold and silver in the centre. In the fourth division the substance appears quite altered, and is like plate-glass, with silver at the back; and a shadow in the distance of a very beautifully shaped red hand, exquisitely formed. In the fifth, the glass is larger, and a small human figure is standing in the hand, and reflected in the glass. The sixth is grass, and the small figure is standing on the grass. The seventh is a beautiful male figure, perfectly formed. The eighth is the same figure, but in quite a state of darkness. The darkness is so pressed on it that you cannot see the figure now. In the ninth is the same figure, but grown much taller; and the hand is above it, with light streaming from the fingers, through the brain, and shining in the eyes. The tenth is the same figure, but its form perfect; but the sunlight is above, and in the sunlight is the figure of a man, most beautiful.

A pause.

I heard a voice as of thunder: it appeared as thunder at first. In the thunder, the words, "I have blessed you, and would keep you, but depart not out of this palace." You would like to know the general appearance of the room? The centre is of marble, but not where the divisions are: they are of different substances. There are letters round the divisions, not on the marble, but around it—

Red earth,

Life void of light.

But the letters are very difficult to read at first—they are made of plain strokes, no character at all.

The letter o, for instance, in void, is like a u: not quite round—no round character about it—nothing of good.

There now appears written on the marble—

"Jehovah created red earth into his image."

The different divisions round the room were very beautiful when the letters appeared.

We came outside the palace with the guard, and there are a company of angels, singing—

"Pass not by the palace of Jehovah,
But enter and receive the blessing."

The sun shone very brilliantly over the palace, and attracted it: it is not now seen in the same place, but in the sun.

It is quite out of sight now, and we are again in the gold and silver garden.

The room to which we have been represents the spiritual life in man. And the Lord is always with substances that can receive life, and live to eternity.

I will come back now.

There are ten thousand rooms from the correspondence, but all cannot be entered into while man is here. Much can only be viewed by the angels. There are the Fairy Rooms, for instance, corresponding to some of the parts of Genesis; but these cannot be entered, because they would not be understood.

NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

THE present is the last number of the *Spiritual Herald*. We beg to inform our subscribers that the balance of their subscriptions will either be reckoned towards a bound copy of the work, or be immediately returned, as may be most agreeable to them. The reasons for this determination are given in the next article.

THE PRESENT STATE OF SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

IN commencing the *Spiritual Herald*, our principal object was to discover, and form a nucleus for, English mediumship, of whose existence we had no means of ascertaining the amount. Amongst our own circle of acquaintances we knew a few families in

which manifestations were, and still are, taking place almost daily. But what were they amongst the millions of England, or even of London? Besides, these families are not disposed to expose themselves to public ignorance, to be made a subject of stupid criticism, by people who know nothing of the subject, and prefer the happiness of judging without investigation. We went out in search of more mediums and more courage, but we had very few reports of English manifestations, much fewer than we expected; and this paucity of communications has naturally led to the conclusion, either that there are very few mediums in England, or that they are fearful of publicity.

Perhaps time would bring courage: for, just whilst we write, a very intelligent and highly educated lady has written to inform us that she is preparing for us a report of manifestations that are taking place in her own house; but the name, of course, will be omitted, and wisely. We blame no one for such prudence; we ourselves show an example of it. Whatever be the future of spiritism here, it is too young in England for people who are known to many to identify themselves with it, in print, even as partial believers: for the scoffing public is apt always to magnify and to multiply the ridiculous, whenever it sees the smallest portion of it. It is by this falsification that caricatures are produced, and amusing characters, in plays and novels, are formed; and few are so very vain as to be ambitious to figure in any of these claptraps for the vulgar eye. Ridicule is no test of truth; but, like a hound, it often frightens the timid puss from coming out.

Moreover, so very false is the light in which the subject presents itself to the vulgar eye, that many, perhaps, most people regard it as a revival of superstition. We know nothing more calculated to destroy superstition. It is well known that not even infidelity and materialism can destroy fear in dark places; but spiritualism can, and we know a young child who has even cried to be permitted to sleep all alone in a dark room, that the spirits, as she supposed, might be induced to visit her. That child had seen the spirit hands, and felt them. Other young children, of a similar age, who see spirits, and witness manifestations almost daily, would shame the bravest of the unsuperstitious in the coolness with which they move about in the dark, and speak of the subject. Witchcraft was an unfriendly form of spiritism, and calculated to produce fear. Churchyard ghosts, and stories of them, were equally so, and

sorcery of old presented itself in awful aspects. Not so, modern spiritualism. It is friendly ; and we do not remember a single modern case of intense malice, or anything more than wanton mischief, in most cases deserved. In general, the spirit is amiable, and, though often waggish, and not to be depended on, perfectly harmless. Even when it says it is an evil spirit, and comes to deceive you, it says it so humourously that you cannot help smiling, as when a friend is teasing you. Superstition is characterised by fear. The original Greek word for it is *deisdaimonia*—fear of demons or spirits. Spiritism, therefore, is not superstition in this sense, for it weakens fear ; and this is one of its most amiable and characteristic features. But it is superstition, in the Latin etymological sense, for that means looking to an upper, a surviving principle, a life beyond this life, and a communion with it, Jacob's ladder, on which the angels ascend and descend, and keep up a correspondence between heaven and earth. If that be superstition, then is spiritualism superstitious ; and we are superstitious, and wish we were more so, and that we knew more people of this character : for amongst professional Christians that we know, we see so little superstition, and so little religious faith, that a game of cards is a common entertainment for them ; but a religious conversation is considered a dull subject. People seem to be afraid of religion. Many avoid it because it disturbs their mind, and others disturb their minds with it, because they think it pleasing to God. What absurd ideas both infidels and believers have of it ! the one regarding it as a disturbance ; the other feeling it as such. Pretty much alike ; they belong to one magnetic needle ; only one points one way, the other, another.

Spiritualism corrects, to some extent, the follies of both parties, and yet it does not interfere with the fundamental principles of either. We have known materialists, and read of more, converted to spiritualism, who still believed in the eternity of matter, and in the materiality of spirit, thus merely enlarging the meaning of the word matter ; and sectarians, converted to spiritualism, can still hold their own peculiar views, only modified with charity for other sectarians. Spiritualism is not a new religion—it is not strong enough for that, and it wants leadership. We wish it had a leader, but, at present, it has not. Hence the same infinite variety of opinion in its circle of influence as elsewhere, with this exception only, that the facts of spirit intercourse are maintained.

But the causes of these facts are very differently viewed.

We have met few who regard them as we do ourselves. We have never expressed a conviction that they were the spirits of departed friends who did these things. The facts we believe to be genuine, and of course a great influence of some kind is indispensable to produce them, for they are produced, independent of any human body, or will that is incorporated with body. But what spiritual influence causes them we cannot tell, until we know what sort of influence, and how many species, there are in the spirit world. This is the problem to be solved. The physical manifestations are but a beginning; we cannot jump to a conclusion without doing violence to the legitimate use of reason. There are many modes in which the subject may be viewed. The effects may be produced by one spirit, or by many—an omnipotent, mystic spirit, that compasses the earth, or a host of little spirits that the earth and the air encompass, and, between these, a multitude of modes, which imagination alone, without pen or ink, is able to muster. The first is our favourite, but still it is compatible with the agency of the rest.

We like to take the phenomena out of the region of chance. We do not blame the English, as many spiritualists do, because they have been less developed as mediums than Americans. There is neither merit nor demerit in being a medium: the gift comes unasked. Many repel it; others encourage it. It comes as a cold comes to some, and as hope comes to others; and they who are nervously anxious to have it, seldom obtain it. As it comes, so it goes; sometimes suddenly, sometimes gradually. It is, therefore, under the direction of a master mind, a controlling power. That it came first in full force to America is, we believe, a providential fact. The States are especially symbolical of individual independence. They pride themselves in individualism—each citizen his own king, and priest, and law-giver. The government of the many is the symbol of American government. Is it wonderful, therefore, that in the beginning of a new spiritual era, the spirit power of mundane government should reveal itself in the form of many spirits rather than one? We are less individualised here, and therefore that form of manifestation is less prevalent here. The manifestations for England, however, will come; but they will be generically different. If the process goes on as we believe it will, every land will be characteristically visited; and to do this wisely and analogically, the work must not be left to individual spirits, or merely chance influence and opportunity. It is the work of a Providence, that does all things well. It is

a return to spirit, and it has begun at the end of the world, at the far West, in the last great political movement, the democratic; and it will go back to the East, the source of civilisation, and gather up the fragments of truth that are scattered on the line of movement, that nothing be lost. It is only as a great, providential movement that we look on it with interest; and that it is so, is evident from the fact, that spiritualists in the United States now outnumber every other religious party: they publish more periodicals and more books than any religious sect in America does; and no doctrine in modern times has so much revolutionised the public mind in matters of deep religious interest as spiritualism has done in the United States.

Spiritualism may be said to have commenced in England in the person of Swedenborg; and he cautions his readers against the multiform, now American aspect of it. But the multiform aspect is only fallacious when it wants the unitary aspect to correct and control it. The multiform is the human; the unitary the divine. American spiritualism has the human element only, the agency of the human spirits. The divine is coming; but it will not come to destroy the human; it will come into it, in order to purify and organise it, to canonise the spirits of the departed, that they may be co-agents with the divine in the works of mundane providence, thus realising a promise long made and long looked for. For the present, Swedenborg is a useful monitor, if not guide, in respect to spiritual agency; but Swedenborg teaches the doctrine of eras in the spirit world, as well as in this; and as, in 1757, a revolution, according to him, took place in the spirit world, and affected the government of things on earth, so another revolution is yet *in petto*, which will change the mode of spirit intercourse, revolutionise the principles and opinions of men, and realise a corresponding change in all political and religious institutions, as well as social arrangements. Shadows come before the substance. We see the spirits in their lower character first before they are revealed in their higher. The higher modes follow in succession, as we rise in spiritual life.

Believing in the movement, we look to the future with hope, and though we do not find it expedient, or sufficiently stimulating, to continue the *Spiritual Herald* for the present, we hope, ere long, to revive it, or issue another periodical, with better prospect of success—better supported with reports of cases, and with the courage of those who sincerely believe it. Spirit intercourse, at present, has too little of the religious

element to be sufficiently sacred for us. A vast proportion of spiritualists seem to be excited solely by human ties and family affections in the investigations of spiritualism. The higher ideas of God and Universal Providence appear to be lost sight of; not that the first is wrong, but that it is wrong to make it an extinguisher to the latter. There is more life in the social and family element than in the religious element: hence a tendency to look to petty providences, rather than to the Great Providence. The correction will come in time, and by the usual method, disappointment; and the error is useful, as well as its correction. We must see the weakness of a false idea before we can be thoroughly convinced of it.

Though firmly believing in the facts of spiritualism, we cannot be said to represent the great body of spiritualists; but we came forward to help, because we saw no one else disposed. Should another appear, we shall gladly lend our aid, without attaching much importance to petty differences; but we shall ever consider it injudicious, as well as dishonest, to hide the faults and follies of spiritualism merely to gain it favour with the public. We have shown the good and evil, and given offence to many professed friends; but we prefer our own conscience to any friend, in treating of a sacred subject; and we close our little volume with the satisfaction of not having purposely concealed a fault, or exaggerated a merit, that the subject possesses.

The periodical has failed for want of English manifestations, or want of English courage. We should have preferred filling our pages with our own national facts, but we could not procure them. We have, therefore, solved in part the problem originally proposed for solution. We neither rejoice nor are sorry at the result. We believe all is right at last. We look on it merely as a providential fact, and are so far satisfied that we have proved by experiment the weakness of the cause in England, though it has a great many friends who wish it well, if it cost them nothing.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Nor the least interesting part of the entertainment we have derived from editing the *Spiritual Herald* has been that which comes from the numerous reviews of our periodical by our contemporaries. They give us a general idea either of the men who conduct the periodical press, or of what they consider their policy for the present. In general they laugh at us, and use not very

refined language in describing our moral and intellectual status. Infidels, Atheists, Deists, and Christians, seem to be of one mind and spirit in respect to us; and one of them, the *Ipswich Express*, who seems to regard the criticisms of the press as final and infallible, says we have "an awkward habit of reviewing our critics"—an act of great presumption on our part, and, according to the *Ipswich*

Express, not performed by us in a very refined spirit. For instance, of some papers which were not coarsely abusive of us we said that they had "dawnings of reason," and of others that they had "embryotic germs of intelligence,"—rather hopeful signs, as we thought; but of others who abused us heartily—as house-dogs do beggars—we said that they were ill-favoured Simians or hairy old Sadducees, inclined to bite, &c., and this is considered very irreverent conduct on our part. We must bear any amount of abuse in silence, and must not retort, even in jest. For, that all that we said was in good-humoured fun was evident from this, that we compared ourselves, amongst other editors, to the monkey without its tail amongst its long-tailed brethren. Our contemporary is certainly not very honest in concealing the good humour of our language, and showing only the words that seem like teeth to his readers. We should not like to lend him ten pounds; for, though we gave him credit for dawnings of reason (which appears to mortify him, for even our praise is annoying as well as our blame), we did not give him credit for honesty of purpose. From the editor of a well-reputed provincial paper we received a private communication of much interest, containing a report of a manifestation which occurred to himself in a large farmhouse in the south of England; yet he does not profess to believe in such things, and withholds his name, as usual, though he sends his card. We should have inserted his letter entire, had this not been our final number, and we had promised to insert a series of papers on other subjects. Another editor, in a private communication, informs us that he has had much experience himself of mesmerism and clairvoyance, and therefore is well prepared, by experience, to give due attention to the evidence of spiritual manifestations, though not yet disposed to hazard his reputation and his influence by anything like advocacy. We wish there were many like him. We require no man to injure himself by hasty judgment. We only require calm investigation and unprejudiced criticism—too much, however, to expect from the press in general, which, like established and articulated institutions, is generally an obstacle to all new truths, and is rather the organ of mere vulgar prejudice, and

popular or party interests and purposes, than of serious and respectable philosophical inquiry. The press will support any donkey when he gets up; but he must get up before the press will notice his endeavour, or believe in his success. All new truth is from without the pale of articulated churches and party periodicals, and they must break in before they be recognised as legitimate ideas. In due time the spirits will break in. We have had more communications of individual experiences this month than usual, and are almost afraid that we have been too hasty in closing our periodical so early; and, within this last week or two, we have witnessed some remarkable spirit drawings involuntarily performed by both hands at once, by a young lady artist, whom the spirits suddenly ordained to their own service, and whose pencil they employ to produce most remarkable mediæval or symbolical designs, of a peculiarly mystic and elevated character. The two hands holding the pencil are moved circularly and spirally, hither and thither, till at last the design appears coming into being through the mist of lines, like Venus from the spray. We have considerable hope to encourage us to proceed, but then we have also discouragements. We are losing money, and the prudence of the few mediums as yet developed in England is as yet rather too strong to permit them to give their names and address. We are as bad as they are, and therefore cannot blame. It is sometimes even good to be bad: it makes one charitable. This will no doubt be quoted against us. But great truths are not easily digested by baby intellects. They cannot see how good can come out of evil: it seems to them like saying that the devil is useful. A correspondent from the neighbourhood of London gives an interesting report of spirit music on an accordion and concertina in a spirit circle at his house. This correspondent took offence at us in an early number, and has been silent until now. We were sorry for it, as we respected him much, and took interest in his experiments. He is now too late. We have only this space left to make our concluding observations, otherwise we should have inserted his letter entire.

Printed for the Proprietor, by B. D. COUSINS,
Helmet Court, 338, Strand, London.